

Saturday June 20 1998

Abu Dhabi 0.50	Greenwich 0.50	London 1.00
Amman 1.00	Harrogate 1.00	Manchester 1.00
Antwerp 1.00	Hebden 1.00	Paris 1.00
Athens 1.00	Hemel Hempstead 1.00	Portsmouth 1.00
Bahia 1.00	Hemel Hempstead 1.00	Reading 1.00
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The Guardian

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After the thuggery:

Can the left find a new patriotism?

Saturday, page 15

Adam-Mars Jones on:

'I didn't like gays. And I am one.'

Saturday, page 17

First round of the US Open

Putting trouble haunts Faldo

Sport, Page 28

Judge's sacking reopens Maxwell mystery



Robert Maxwell: huge debts

John Hooper in Tenerife and Dan Atkinson

THE mystery surrounding the death of the since disgraced publisher Robert Maxwell has reopened by the sacking of the Spanish judge who handled the original inquiry, the Guardian has discovered. Her dismissal throws doubt on her verdict, which ruled out foul play.

Judge Isabel Oliva has

been declared unfit because of "permanent incapacity". Complaints and disciplinary moves against her stretch back to 1991, the year of Maxwell's death.

The decision to remove her, taken by Spain's highest judicial body, the Consejo General del Poder Judicial, casts a new light on the succession of confusing, often bizarre, events after the press baron's corpse was pulled from the Atlantic off the Canary Islands on November 5, 1991.

She was criticised at the time for failing properly to interview the crew and for

not conducting proper tests on Maxwell's bedroom on his yacht.

Members of the Maxwell family were said to be appalled when they arrived to find people wandering around what ought to have been a sealed-off area on the vessel from which he is thought to have fallen.

Few of the routine scene-of-investigation precautions against contamination of evidence seemed to have been taken.

Now — with the most serious questions raised about Ms Oliva's professional competence at the

time of Robert Maxwell's death — calls are likely for a new, thoroughgoing and independent inquiry.

A Guardian investigation has disclosed that: □ Ms Oliva was disciplined for professional misconduct in the year of Maxwell's disappearance.

□ She has twice since been put on trial.

□ Her unexplained inaction in the months after the Spanish inquiry helped to scotch plans for a separate, British investigation into the causes of the media tycoon's death.

Maxwell's body was identified and examined on the island of Grand Canary.

But responsibility for the inquiry was handed to Ms Oliva, a judge in the little hill town of Granadilla on the neighbouring island of Tenerife. Maxwell's yacht had dropped anchor on a stretch of coast within her jurisdiction at the end of its fatal voyage.

Ms Oliva closed the inquiry with a verdict that ruled out foul play. But, under Spanish law, she was not required to rule on the issue — vital for insurance purposes — of whether Maxwell committed suicide.

A suicide verdict would have cancelled his insurance policies. Theories, some fanciful, have abounded since then, suggesting, among other things, that the tycoon took his own life, that he was murdered by agents of — variously — Bulgaria, Israel and the United Kingdom, and that he blacked out when relieving himself over the side of his boat and drowned.

This last theory, pressed by Kevin Maxwell's defence when he and his brother Ian were tried for fraud, was backed by evidence

suggesting blackouts in such circumstances were relatively common. Britain did not hold a separate inquest into Maxwell's death, despite concerns about the post-mortem examination and the handling of affairs in Spain.

Robert Maxwell was found at sea just as his international media empire was collapsing under \$3 billion of debts.

Shortly afterwards, it was discovered he had used \$425 million of pension-fund assets in a last bid to keep the group in business.

Fury over new job for watchdog

David Hencke, Westminster Correspondent

LORD Neill, the senior lawyer appointed by Tony Blair to clean up corruption in public life, has astounded colleagues and angered MPs by taking a lucrative brief to represent Dame Shirley Porter, the former Tory leader of Westminster council, in her fight to overturn a £27 million surcharge for "disgraceful and improper gerrymandering".

MPs were last night incredulous that a life peer, ennobled by the Prime Minister, should take up Dame Shirley's case while being paid £500 a day to hold an inquiry into party funding.

His decision — taken without reference to colleagues on the inquiry — provoked calls from Labour MPs to reconsider it.

Andrew Dismore, MP for Hendon and a former leader of the Labour group on Westminster council, said: "I am astounded that Lord Neill has taken Shirley Porter's shilling. There must be a clear conflict of interest between his duties in looking into party funding and his role as a high profile case that goes to the heart of probity in local government."

Peter Bradley, Labour MP for the Wrekin and formerly deputy leader of the Labour group on Westminster council, described Lord Neill's decision as "an extraordinary lapse of judgment".

Mr Bradley said: "He must recognise that this is a massive propaganda coup for Dame Shirley Porter. This has clearly compromised his position. ... I am not questioning his integrity, but I think serious questions are raised about his judgment. He, above all people, should recognise that it is not sufficient to be free from conflicts of interest. It is crucial that he is seen to be free from those conflicts."



Shirley Porter: choice of Lord Neill 'a coup'

Lord Neill defended the move, in a statement claiming that the cab-rank principle, whereby practising lawyers take the next case in line, meant he had to take the brief. "I confirm that I was instructed by solicitors Nicholson, Graham and Jones to seek leave from the Court of Appeal for Dame Shirley Porter to appeal against the adverse decisions of the lower courts. Leave has now been granted."

"The appeal raises important questions of law. By long tradition, members of the Bar accept instructions on what is called the cab-rank principle. They do not pick and choose their cases on the basis of popularity or unpopularity of the case or the client."

This was dismissed by Dale Campbell-Savours, Labour MP for Workington and a member of the Commons Standards and Privileges Committee. "It is well known that the cab-rank principle can simply be ignored by telling your client that you are too busy," he said.

Members of Lord Neill's Committee on Standards in Public Life did not want to comment on his decision — but some were taken aback by it. A colleague who did not want to be named described the decision as "a very stupid lapse by a very clever man".

Downing Street was last night distancing itself from the disclosure. A spokesman said: "It's entirely a matter for Lord Neill. It is nothing to do with the Government."

The 71-year-old lord's decision to pick up the brief comes at a crucial time for Dame Shirley. The district auditor John Magill found her guilty of "wilful misconduct and improper and disgraceful gerrymandering" after a seven-year investigation into what became known as the "homes for votes" scandal.

She, five other councillors and four officials were found guilty of selective sales of council houses at the expense of the homeless in an attempt to prevent Labour winning the 1990 council elections.

Last year three High Court judges upheld the findings against her and the deputy leader, David Weeks, branding her a "liar" and refusing leave to appeal. Dame Shirley went back to court to restore her right of appeal.

Formidable lawyer, page 8; Leader comment, page 10



Trumpeting success... Nigerian fans celebrate their team's 1-0 victory over Bulgaria in Paris yesterday

PHOTOGRAPH: OLEG POPOV

Police prepare new hooligan sweep

More UK spotters ready to follow 'unknown army' in France

Stuart Miller and John Duncan

MORE police spotters may be sent into France to help round up English football hooligans, it emerged last night.

No decision has been made, but senior officials have been involved in behind-the-scenes discussions with their French counterparts to prepare for more spotters to be "parachuted" into France to boost the security effort.

As the operation to track down hooligans involved in

the violence in Marseille continued, intelligence sources also revealed that police will attempt to extradite hooligans who escape justice in France and make it back to Britain.

Details of the new measures came as Sir Brian Hayes, the Football Association's head of security, defended his decision to take a three-day break in Spain to fulfil a long-standing family engagement.

Sir Brian said critics of his absence were "very ill-informed" about his role. "They have the wrong concept of what my function is," he told Radio 4's The World at One

programme. "I have nothing to do with the running of the policing arrangements."

The Home Office confirmed last night that the number of spotters in France was under review, but stressed that no formal approach had been made by the French. A spokesman said that any moves to draft in more would not be a tacit criticism of the French security effort.

But it might amount to recognition that the spotters already on the ground have struggled to cope because many of the worst offenders have been unknown to police.

According to a French source, the man identified as the main villain of Marseille is not known to British officers. He is now top of French

police's hooligan hit-list. Video surveillance of 60 to 80 English hooligans involved in the Marseille violence has been distributed to police across France.

The events in the city's old port area were filmed by the 14 British police spotters as well as by French police and closed circuit TV cameras.

The first capture of their hooligan sweep was Carlotto Maddocks, arrested two days ago in Montpellier and jailed for two months yesterday.

The main problem faced by British police in trying to extradite suspects is that only serious offences are normally considered worthy of procedures, but there were hints yesterday that the Government might be asked to ap-

prove extradition orders for offences that would not usually qualify.

"Our message to the French police has not changed," said assistant chief constable Tim Hollis, who is head of British liaison with the French. "It is to gather evidence, put them before the courts and lock them up because that is the best deterrent we have."

There was a filip for ordinary supporters yesterday when it was announced that perimeter fences would not be reinstated at Toulouse's Stade Municipal for England's visit.

Hooligans on the march, page 4; Sport, pages 22 and 23; England our England, Saturday, page 15

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Crossword 28
770261 307866

TO MY DAD

The edible Father's Day card.

Special TOBACCO Father's Day packs available from all leading confectioners.

Sentencing fiasco bill may cost £20m

Damages award in test case

Alan Travis
Home Affairs Editor

THE Prison Service last night faced the prospect of paying millions of pounds to thousands of ex-prisoners after the Court of

Appeal ruled that inmates who had their sentences wrongly calculated were entitled to compensation.

The award of damages yesterday in a test case was the final act of a mass early release programme which was dubbed "the great jailbreak of 1996" and which fol-

lowed the original court ruling that the Prison Service had been wrongly calculating the release dates of thousands of prisoners going back many years.

The final bill could be more than £20 million for a mistake by the Prison Service lawyers which happened while Michael Howard was home secretary. He halted the releases in August 1996 when he discovered that 541 prisoners had been freed on mass as a result of a new sentence calculation manual sent to governors.

The ruling, which will open

the floodgates to many more such payments, came yesterday from three judges, including the Master of the Rolls, Lord Woolf. They ruled that an ex-prisoner, Michelle Evans, was entitled to £5,000 damages for false imprisonment after she served an extra 59 days in Brockhill Prison, Wrexham, Cheshire.

The judges said the Brockhill governor could not be held to be personally at fault as he was applying the law as it then stood, but said it was "deeply embedded" in English law that somebody

imprisoned without lawful authority was entitled to damages, irrespective of any fault on the part of the person responsible.

Lord Woolf said the imminent arrival of the European Convention of Human Rights into British law meant it was impossible to give a prison governor immunity from paying damages in this situation. The ruling also means that any prisoner released in the past six years who had his or her sentence wrongly calculated might be able to claim compensation. There are thought to be thousands of

prisoners whose cases fall within the statutory time limit.

The issue centres on the way that time spent on remand is deducted when prisoners are given concurrent sentences.

Michelle Evans was sentenced on January 12 1996 to two years for robbery, nine months, to be served concurrently, for two counts of burglary and three months, also concurrently, for assault occasioning actual bodily harm. The way the time spent on remand was set against her sentence meant she served 59

days more than she should have and was entitled to damages, the Appeal Court ruled.

The Prison Service is to appeal to the House of Lords and refused to comment further yesterday.

It is believed that there are already at least 40 further cases in the pipeline. Hundreds more are expected as news of the judgment spreads. Paul Cavadinio of the National Association for Care and Resettlement of Offenders said the Treasury should find the money to pay the bill so that the Prison Service did not have to cut its budget.

"This was an honest mistake in the light of what the Prison Service believed the law to be. However, these prisoners were made to serve this time on remand twice over," he added.

Harry Fletcher of the National Association of Probation Officers said that, if every prisoner affected by the judgment made a claim for compensation, the bill could reach £24 million.

"At a time when the Prison Service is extremely hard pressed for cash, this is a verdict it could do without," he said.

Six living in fear of CJD win test case damages

Clare Dyer
Legal Correspondent

THE Government faces an estimated \$1.5 million compensation bill after six young adults, who risk developing Creutzfeldt-Jakob Disease from human growth hormone treatment they received as children, won test cases yesterday.

The six, whose awards were between £3,500 and £30,000, suffer depression, anxiety, panic attacks and other psychological problems from the fear of developing the disease, which causes dementia and rapid death.

They were among nearly 2,000 children with stunted growth who received injections of the hormone between 1959 and 1985, when the treatment was halted after the first deaths in the United States.

Some batches of the hormone, made from the pituitaries of cadavers, were contaminated. The disease can take up to 30 years to incubate.

Another 40 or so claimants will now have damages assessed. These will depend on the severity of the psychological illness and financial loss, for example losing the chance of a well-paid career.

The High Court judgment against the Department of Health and the government-run Medical Research Council was delivered by Mr Justice Morland, sitting at Lincoln court.

Of the 2,000 who received the treatment, 25 have died from CJD and two are dying. Compensation for the 22 deaths for which the Government was held liable — those who received injections after July 1 1977 — is expected to total £2.25 million.



Justin Parkes outside the court yesterday. He won £3,500

PHOTOGRAPH BY RUI VIEIRA

Blair does the honours for end of the peer show

Lucy Ward

MELVYN Bragg and the television entrepreneur Waheed Alli are today among a list of working peers intended by Tony Blair to dilute Tory domination of the House of Lords. They were named by Tories as a string of "Tony's cronies".

The 27-strong list of life peers — the second issued by Mr Blair — includes 18 nominated by the Prime Minister, together with five Tories, including the former Chancellor and Labour Euro-ambassador Norman Lamont, and four Liberal Democrats.

Labour's nominees, drawn from business, public affairs and the trade unions as well as the Labour movement, include party donors and members of the close Blair circle so decided by the Tories. There was also, as widely leaked, a peerage for outgoing party general secretary Tom Sawyer.

But there was little evidence of the expected influence of Lord Britannia, other than Mr Alli, 34-year-old boss of Planet 24 and friend of Peter Mandelson, and the arts broadcaster and Blair supporter Mr Bragg. He said yesterday he was preparing to vote for the abolition of his hereditary colleagues and urged people to call him Melvyn rather than use his new title.

The list includes Northern Foods chairman Christopher Haskins, who once insisted he did not want to become an active politician, and political consultant Mary Goudie, a fundraiser and behind the scenes party fixer in the lead-up to the 1997 election.

The Tories, whose 474 peers before today's list far outweighed the 156 taking the Labour whip, claimed Mr Blair's choices reflected Labour's desire to "turn the House of Lords into the Government's poodle". Reform of the Lords will start with a bill next autumn to abolish the

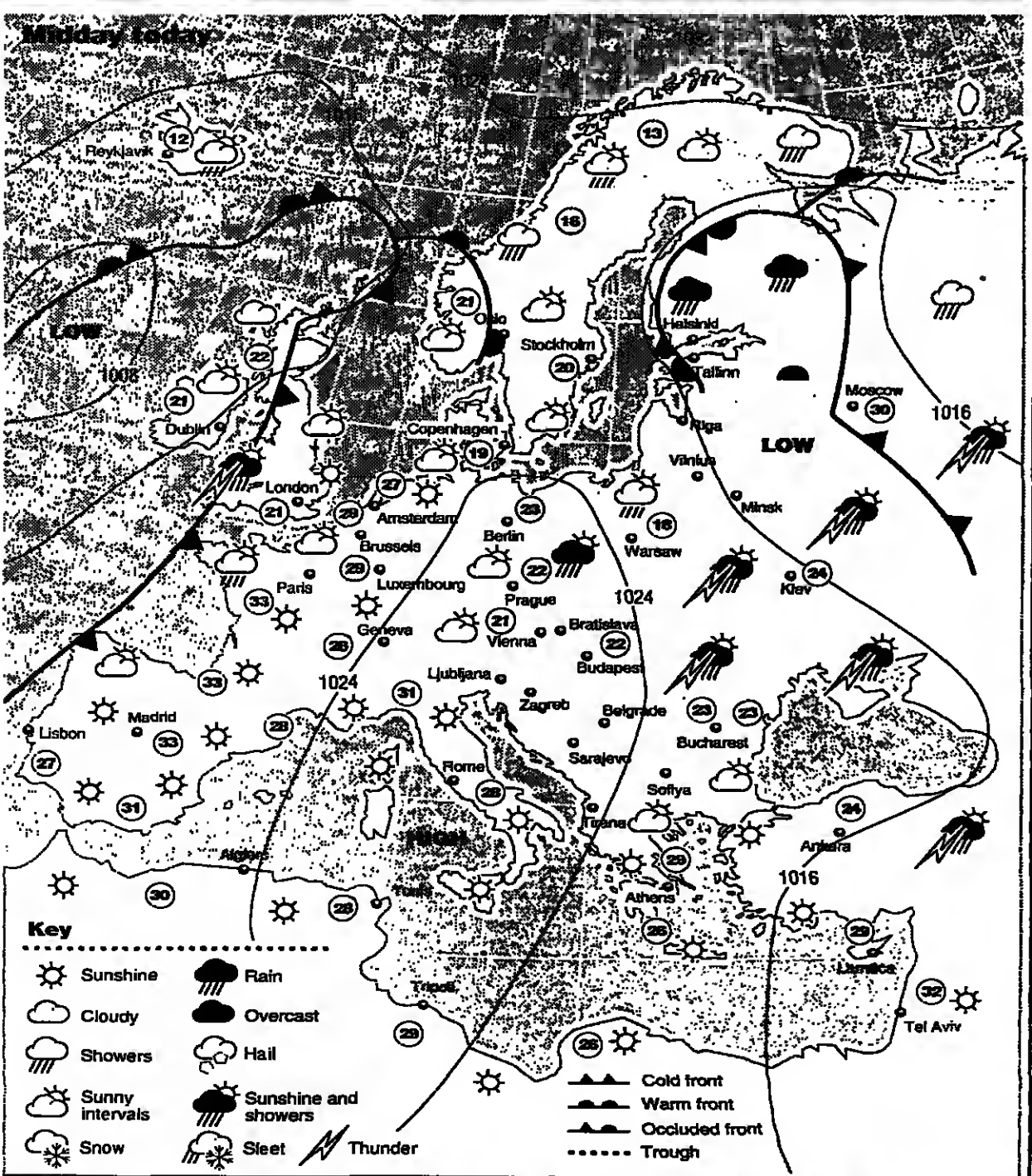


Melvyn Bragg: urged people not to use his new title

voting rights of hereditary peers, but the Government has yet to decide on the second stage.

Conservative deputy chairman Michael Ancram said the Labour peers had "one thing in common: they can all be relied on to do exactly what the Prime Minister tells them."

The weather in Europe



Forecast for the cities

City	Today	Tomorrow
Algeria	28/17	29/17
Amman	28/17	29/17
Antwerp	28/17	29/17
Athens	28/17	29/17
Berlin	28/17	29/17
Bombay	28/17	29/17
Buenos Aires	28/17	29/17
Calcutta	28/17	29/17
Cairo	28/17	29/17
Canton	28/17	29/17
Cebu	28/17	29/17
Colon	28/17	29/17
Dacca	28/17	29/17
Dahomey	28/17	29/17
Dar es Salaam	28/17	29/17
Delhi	28/17	29/17
Dhaka	28/17	29/17
Durban	28/17	29/17
Edinburgh	28/17	29/17
Geneva	28/17	29/17
Hankow	28/17	29/17
Hong Kong	28/17	29/17
Kobe	28/17	29/17
London	28/17	29/17
Lyons	28/17	29/17
Manila	28/17	29/17
Medan	28/17	29/17
Moscow	28/17	29/17
Odessa	28/17	29/17
Peking	28/17	29/17
Rangoon	28/17	29/17
San Francisco	28/17	29/17
Shanghai	28/17	29/17
Singapore	28/17	29/17
Sourabaya	28/17	29/17
Tientsin	28/17	29/17
Yokohama	28/17	29/17

Around the world

City	Today	Tomorrow
Algeria	28/17	29/17
Amman	28/17	29/17
Antwerp	28/17	29/17
Athens	28/17	29/17
Berlin	28/17	29/17
Bombay	28/17	29/17
Buenos Aires	28/17	29/17
Calcutta	28/17	29/17
Cairo	28/17	29/17
Canton	28/17	29/17
Cebu	28/17	29/17
Colon	28/17	29/17
Dacca	28/17	29/17
Dahomey	28/17	29/17
Dar es Salaam	28/17	29/17
Delhi	28/17	29/17
Dhaka	28/17	29/17
Durban	28/17	29/17
Edinburgh	28/17	29/17
Geneva	28/17	29/17
Hankow	28/17	29/17
Hong Kong	28/17	29/17
Kobe	28/17	29/17
London	28/17	29/17
Lyons	28/17	29/17
Manila	28/17	29/17
Medan	28/17	29/17
Moscow	28/17	29/17
Odessa	28/17	29/17
Peking	28/17	29/17
Rangoon	28/17	29/17
San Francisco	28/17	29/17
Shanghai	28/17	29/17
Singapore	28/17	29/17
Sourabaya	28/17	29/17
Tientsin	28/17	29/17
Yokohama	28/17	29/17

European weather outlook

Scandinavia: Norway, Sweden and Denmark will become warmer and much more settled than in recent days with mainly dry weather and sunny spells. However, Finland will remain unsettled with some particularly heavy rain over southern parts. Highs 18-21C in the south, but 12-15C in the north. Low: 10-12C. Germany, Austria, Switzerland: A fine, dry and very warm day with hot sunshine in abundance in most areas. The Low Countries and Switzerland will be warmest with highs of 22-25C but Austria and Germany will be a little cooler with maximum temperatures around 21-24C. France: A hot day over the entire country with virtually unrelenting sunshine. However, the far north-west of Britain will become cloudier with the risk of late afternoon and evening showers, some thundery. Highs will range from 24-27C in the north, but most other places will be between 30-33C, although a few areas will keep the Mediterranean coast slightly cooler. Spain and Portugal: Hot with plenty of sunshine in all areas. Sea breezes will keep coastal areas cooler than inland and cloud will begin to build over north western Spain later in the day. Highs will range between 27-30C over coastal areas, but 33-37C inland. Italy: Fine and sunny with cooling breezes keeping southern areas reasonably pleasant, but the north will be hot and steamy. Highs 30-32C in the north, but 26-29C in the south. Greece: It will be mainly fine and dry day with plenty of sunshine and a cooling breeze. Highs 27-30C in the north, but 24-26C over the islands.

Television and radio — Saturday

BBC 1
8.00am News, 8.30am News, 9.00am News, 9.30am News, 10.00am News, 10.30am News, 11.00am News, 11.30am News, 12.00pm News, 12.30pm News, 1.00pm News, 1.30pm News, 2.00pm News, 2.30pm News, 3.00pm News, 3.30pm News, 4.00pm News, 4.30pm News, 5.00pm News, 5.30pm News, 6.00pm News, 6.30pm News, 7.00pm News, 7.30pm News, 8.00pm News, 8.30pm News, 9.00pm News, 9.30pm News, 10.00pm News, 10.30pm News, 11.00pm News, 11.30pm News, 12.00am News, 12.30am News, 1.00am News, 1.30am News, 2.00am News, 2.30am News, 3.00am News, 3.30am News, 4.00am News, 4.30am News, 5.00am News, 5.30am News, 6.00am News, 6.30am News, 7.00pm News, 7.30pm News, 8.00pm News, 8.30pm News, 9.00pm News, 9.30pm News, 10.00pm News, 10.30pm News, 11.00pm News, 11.30pm News, 12.00am News, 12.30am News, 1.00am News, 1.30am News, 2.00am News, 2.30am News, 3.00am News, 3.30am News, 4.00am News, 4.30am News, 5.00am News, 5.30am News, 6.00am News, 6.30am News, 7.00pm News, 7.30pm News, 8.00pm News, 8.30pm News, 9.00pm News, 9.30pm 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Saga of a disgraced tycoon

How fall of a judge adds new twist to Maxwell mystery

John Hooper in Santa Cruz de Tenerife and Dan Atkinson report on doubt now being cast on verdict of no foul play

INSURERS who paid out more than £25 million on the death of Robert Maxwell may press for a re-examination of their liability following the sacking of the Spanish judge who headed the inquiry into the tycoon's death. They may revive the theory that he took his own life, thus voiding insurance cover.

And there may be calls for the British authorities to hold their own inquiry into the mystery of the publisher's last voyage seven years ago. There are suggestions that Judge Isabel Oliva's incompetence and unprofessionalism effectively blocked attempts by Britain to obtain witness statements taken in the wake of Mr Maxwell's death.

At the time, the Home Office said a British inquiry would take place only if the tycoon's body were to enter British territory en route to its final resting place on the Mount of Olives in Jerusalem, and were the appropriate coroner to order it. In the event, no inquest was held in Britain.

But the Registrar-General of Shipping in Cardiff could have investigated the death more fully had Ms Oliva been more forthcoming with documents, the Guardian has been told.

Maxwell's life was insured under a so-called keyman scheme, a policy protecting companies against the loss of essential personnel. One group of insurers paid out £25 million in July 1993 in an out-of-court settlement with Fricke Waterhouse, liquidators of the debt-ridden Maxwell Communication Corporation. It was disclosed last year that the remaining insurers paid out £2 million, or about a tenth of the total sum assured, after a five-year battle.

The publisher disappeared from his yacht on the day creditors were due to demand the repayment of debts he was unable to meet. The keyman policy specifically excluded death by suicide.

Although the judge was not required to pronounce on whether Maxwell took his own life, it is possible insurers will declare her entire investigation to be worthless, given her unfitness for office.

A highly-placed source within the Consejo General del Poder Judicial, Spain's

top judicial body, said its decision to sack Ms Oliva earlier this month was taken on the basis of a string of psychiatric reports on her. "All of them stated that the patient suffered from a serious disturbance caused by a persistent state of neurotic depression", the source said.

Ms Oliva, who is in her 30s, will continue to receive a pension equivalent to 95 per cent of her final salary.

The ruling put an end to a career marked by controversy and scandal. Lawyers she dealt with on Tenerife still bridle at the memory of her eccentric behaviour.

According to a source close to her inquiry, Ms Oliva gave an undertaking to the British authorities that she would hand over statements she had taken from the crew of Maxwell's yacht so that the Registrar-General of Shipping could begin his own investigation into the cause of death. Some 40 to 50 attempts were made to get the documents from her, but without success, the source added. The Registrar-General, who is charged with investigating deaths at sea, is thought to have taken witness statements of his own, but these would not have been as immediate.

Ms Oliva was twice reprimanded by the judicial authorities before she was fired. Once was in 1994, after the civil guard reported her for commandeering its helicopter for weekend jaunts with her lover.

That scandal was reported briefly at the time, but the Guardian has learned that the order decreeing her removal from the bench also shows she was disciplined in 1991. On that occasion, it was for failing to respect the jurisdiction of another judge. It is not clear from the document whether this had any connection with the Maxwell affair.

After her second reprimand, Ms Oliva was sent to work in another tourist area, Roquetas de Mar on the southern coast of mainland Spain. It was not long before she was in trouble again.

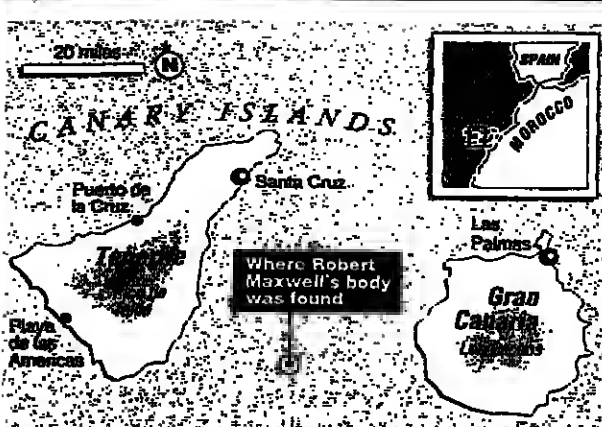
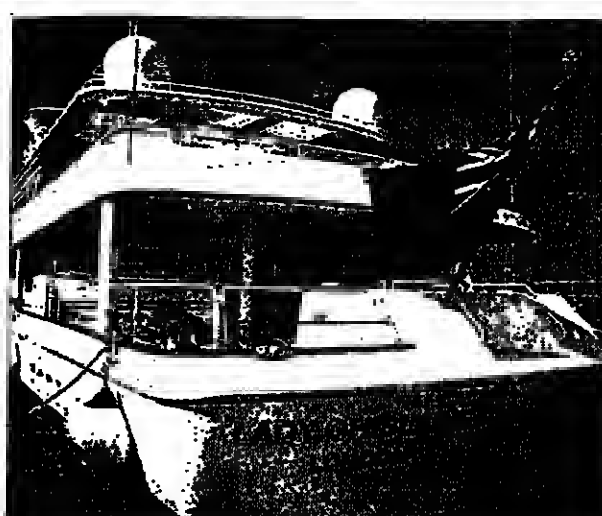
While she was on sick leave, her responsibilities were taken over by the senior judge of the provincial court. He discovered a locked archive in her coathouse which he ordered should be broken into. Inside were papers that led to Ms Oliva twice being tried.

In September 1996, she was found not guilty of wrongful arrest and the falsification of documents in a drugs case. A prosecution appeal was rejected but the judges said her handling of the case had been "clumsy, irregular and even chaotic".

It is possible insurers will declare the judge's entire investigation to be worthless, given her unfitness for office



Robert Maxwell: vanished from his yacht (top right) on the day creditors were due to demand the repayment of debts. Right: Maxwell's funeral in Israel. MAIN PHOTOGRAPH: EAMONN MCCABE



Dobson in row over baby deaths

Minister says third heart surgeon should have been struck off

Sarah Bosseley
Health Correspondent

THE future of Janardan Dhasmana, the only doctor to be allowed to continue working after the investigation into the deaths of baby heart patients at Bristol Royal Infirmary, looked in doubt yesterday after Frank Dobson, the Health Secretary, said he should have been struck off the register with his two colleagues.

The United Bristol Healthcare Trust, his employer, would say only that it will be discussing his future employment. It is thought likely his contract will be terminated after such a public vote of no confidence from the Health Secretary, who said he would not agree to be operated on by the heart surgeon.

The medical establishment condemned Mr Dobson for his remarks, but last night he was unrepentant. He stood by his words, and Department of Health officials began investi-

gating ways of removing merit awards from James Wisheart and John Roylance, the two senior doctors who were struck off. Both have retired and the merit payments, which in Mr Wisheart's case amounted to some £25,000 a year on top of salary, have been absorbed into their pensions.

Mr Wisheart, the senior children's heart surgeon and medical director of the United Bristol Healthcare Trust; Dr Roylance, the chief executive; and Mr Dhasmana were all found guilty of serious professional misconduct by the General Medical Council, which investigated 63 operations in which 29 children died. It found that the doctors had allowed operations to continue when they should have known that too many babies were dying.

On Thursday Mr Dhasmana was barred from children's heart surgery for three years but allowed to continue operating on adults. That night, Mr Dobson said on BBC 2's News-



Janardan Dhasmana: 'In a near-untenable position'

night programme: "Under the circumstances, and from what I know of the evidence, if they struck off the two doctors they should have struck off all three."

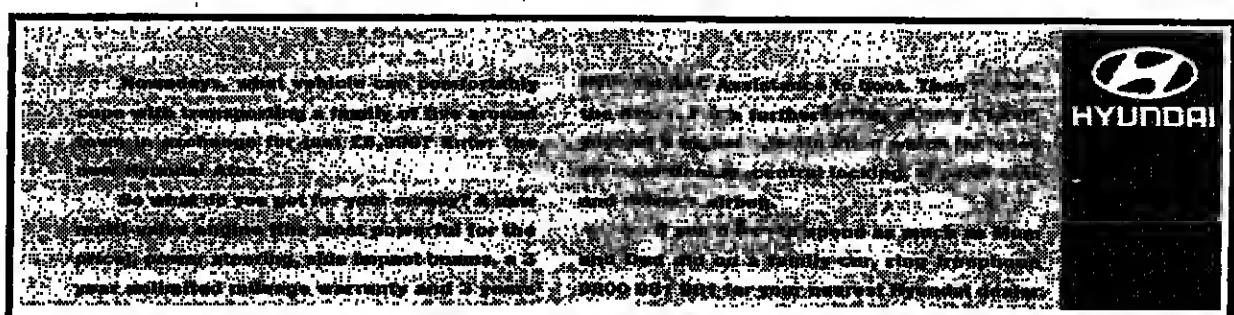
The President of the Royal College of Surgeons, Sir Rodney Sweetnam, condemned Mr Dobson's comments, and noted that he had placed the 58-year-old surgeon in a "virtually untenable position".

At a press conference yesterday, Sir Rodney said he was surprised by the remarks. "Before making judgment one

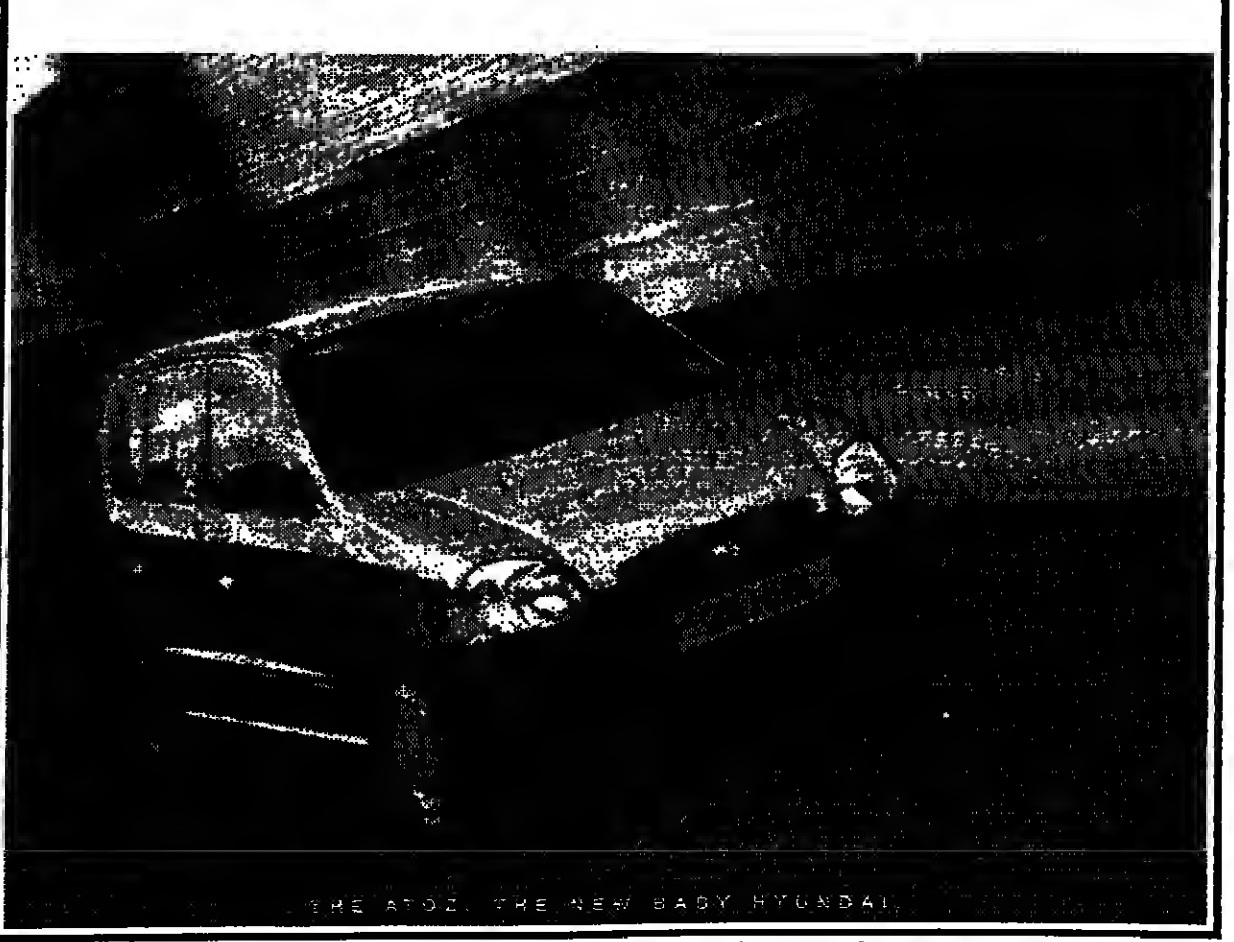
needs to know the facts and the evidence which took the GMC eight months to hear. Without having heard that evidence, none of us can make such a judgment in my view, and I certainly would not make my decision with the Secretary of State."

The shadow health secretary, Ann Widdecombe, said she thought Mr Dobson's remarks "improper". She could understand why parents might have said it and even why a constituency MP might say it. But, she added: "It is not proper for the Secretary of State to second guess them... It's a bit like the Home Secretary saying, 'I think that judge should have given 10 years rather than eight'."

But the children's parents backed the Health Secretary, Malcolm Corroon, who founded the Bristol Children's Heart Group, said: "Mr Dhasmana's future was jeopardised right from the outset. No one would be satisfied having surgery performed by him regardless of whether they were adults or children, and regardless of what has been said by the GMC and Mr Dobson."



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Dominique Baudis, the mayor of Toulouse, can now only hope that extreme measures for an easygoing town will foil the troublemakers



Flashback to Marseille... Riot police protect England fans from angry Tunisian supporters

PHOTOGRAPH: JEROME DELAY



Sir Brian Hayes, the Football Association's head of security, appeared shellshocked after the Marseille violence

Toulouse tries new tactics for peace

John Duncan
in Toulouse

MAYOR Dominique Baudis walked out of his office eight days ago into the Friday night festivities of Toulouse a happy man.

From the mayor's office in the Grand Capitole building which towers over Toulouse's largest public square, he went home tired but satisfied, eager to see the first of the game of the World Cup when the tournament for which he and his town had planned for six years, would really take off.

His own city, historic, southern French, Anglophile and rugby playing, had embraced football and had already welcomed Cameroon and Austria to its Stade Municipal the night before.

The giant screens in the specially constructed "village of culture" at the Prairie des Filles had attracted couples on a night out, families and foreign visitors to the centre of town.

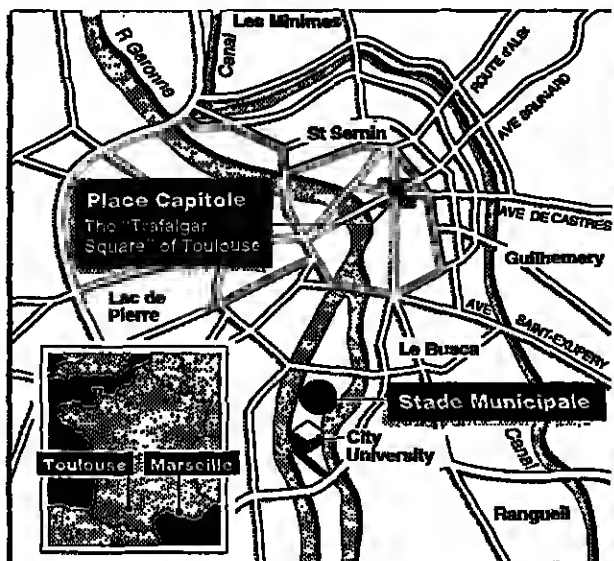
At night, the city had been alive with fans, colourful and celebratory, the first of five party nights with Toulouse welcoming Argentina, Japan, South Africa, Denmark, Nigeria, Paraguay, Romania and England.

The lavish festival which marks the start of summer in Toulouse, when 20,000 people packed the Place Capitole to listen to music, would happen in the middle of the World Cup party. That Friday there were still four matches on which the eyes of the world would be fixed.

But as Mr Baudis walked home, the first England supporters were already arriving in Marseille for their team's game three days later, most of them looking forward to beer, sunbath and soccer, a ticket if they could get it, a good time at the beach if they could not.

Among them were a few who wanted to let the foreigners know what it means to be British, to teach them some respect. But all had been warned the French would take no prisoners, the traditional warning ahead of every England visit. No-one wanted to get nicked.

As the trickle of fans arriving in Marseille turned into a torrent on Saturday afternoon, a crowd of England supporters gathered outside the Café Olympique, the tradi-



tional post-match watering hole for the city's football fans. Numbers grew throughout the evening, fuelled by drink and the confidence inspired by the puzzling lack of any police presence, they became more rowdy and started to spill into the road. Around midnight a youth stood on a car and as it sped away he fell head first, and lay unconscious for 20 minutes. The car behind him was kicked and the windows smashed, its driver sped off.

Saturday night should have been a warning, but was dismissed by the Football Association head of security Sir Brian Hayes as "high spirits". But it was obvious the lads were trying to find the line. What would happen when they crossed it? There was no hint of an answer.

The lack of police outside Café Olympique was unusual enough to be a deliberate strategy. The previous night, when France played South Africa, a crowd of oisly French supporters had congregated at the same café to be met by police vans and riot police with dogs itching for action.

On Sunday afternoon, the crowd gathered in a bar on the corner of the Quai Des Belges, a smaller venue with easy access to side streets. The mood was uglier than the night before. The England yobs call to arms — "no surrender, no surrender to the IRA" — more insistent and confident.

The lads inside were still looking for a line. When a group of Tunisians marched

across the square to taunt them they responded with bottles. It was the first exchange in riots and skirmishes that continued for eight hours. By the time the line was drawn however, it was too late to prevent the ugliness that dragged on for the next two days.

Bad policing cannot take the full blame for what happened. None of those involved needed to behave the way they did. Given that everyone knew they would turn up among the peaceful majority, something had gone terribly wrong.

A great deal of planning had gone into avoiding what happened in Marseille. The byword was co-operation, discussions had gone well, the man liaising for British police, Eddie Curtis, spoke French and had won the respect of his French colleagues. The British police's message was that fans would respond to being treated well, and that message was firmly fixed in French minds.

The confusion appears to have arisen because there were no plans to respond appropriately if plan A wasn't working. Added to that, the French police were desperate to project a positive image, not to appear heavy handed, even at the expense of watching a riot develop before their very eyes.

Georges Querry, the head of security for the World Cup explained their philosophy. "If we had gone in hard and English fans had been injured we would have been heavily criticised as it is we have 32 minor injuries and two seri-



Early closing... a waitress prepares a sign in Toulouse explaining the curtailed hours for bars ahead of the England match. PHOTOGRAPH: LIONEL BONAVENTURE

ous ones. "It could have been much worse because you saw out there lads who were intoxicated with drink and violence and when you have that anything can happen. We decided not to take them on head on."

The day after, the British were supportive of French police's actions. "It was handled very much as it would have been handled in England," said Mr Curtis.

They have our full backing. Not really true, of course. British police would never have allowed such a small group to get so hopelessly out of their control but Curtis could hardly say anything else.

Problems arose because the culture of policing in France is different to that in England where police strategy is simple and well tested: identify the problem group, contain them with force of numbers, stop the yobs from moving, clear the area and create a "sterile zone", disperse bystanders, restrict ac-

cess to alcohol and let the disturbance die of boredom if possible.

It is no idle theory. This is exactly what happened in Euro 96 in Trafalgar Square after the defeat by Germany when England yobs threatened to rampage in central London.

British police too must take their share of the blame. They had confidently told the French that they knew who all the worst hooligans were and they had sent spotters whose job was to find them, track them and identify them to French police.

What took the spotters by surprise was how few of those who became involved in Marseille were previously known to police, a mere two or three out of 400.

"Our problem has been that there are a lot of faces we have not seen before here in France," said a police source, "a lot of people acting like category C hooligans - organising and organising, who are not on our files."

Events in Marseille left British police in a tight spot. Sir Brian Hayes gave a press conference at midnight from the fringes of the Sunday riot looking shellshocked. No wonder. In public his job was to defend what he privately must have recognised as terrible policing, his priority to maintain good relations and lines of communication with French police while making sure the same basic mistakes were not made again when England travelled to Toulouse seven days later.

It is Tuesday morning and Dominique Baudis has a difficult decision to make. The advice coming out of the Toulouse prefecture which is responsible for law and order, was that Marseille was a cock-up, that better more visible policing could deal with the problem.

But what if they were wrong? And what if it all went pear shaped with 20,000 people gathered outside his own office window for the music festival the day before

the England match. There were to be no risks, he decided. The festival was postponed — "can you imagine what would happen if hooligans rioted with 20,000 people in the square? I will not take that chance," said Mr Baudis.

The measures taken are extreme for a town as easygoing as Toulouse. Every other major street party or open air event has been cancelled. Bars and restaurants will shut at 11 pm — an appeal by bar owners to stay open later last night and tonight was yesterday slapped down, despite complaints about loss of trade.

Those who defy the order have been told by police they will be considered a low priority if trouble breaks out and insurance companies have warned they will not be covered if they defy the ban.

Pavement brasseries and cafes must use plastic glasses and may not leave cans on tables nor can they serve meals on china plates. Booze will not be sold in super-

markets or garages after 11 pm. Police officers will patrol the streets in groups of four, with reinforcements a street or two away.

"The problem in Marseille was that they let people fight for half an hour before they intervened," said Mr Baudis. "The important thing is to show them that you are there on the street and ready to deal with them before they start."

But will it work? No-one will say, of course. But there is good reason for optimism. Toulouse is certainly a different kind of town to Marseille, less pugnacious less indigent there are no opposing fans in any number likely to come from Romania to offer the English yob a spurious provocation: there is less taste for a fight among local youths than there was in Marseille; and there will be less alcohol to stifle the inhibitions than last week.

All that is left is to hope that the party can begin again when England's supporters troop out of town on Tuesday.

Frustrated Japanese relieve scoring problem but not in front of goal

World Cup 98

Diary

FOOTBALL and sex may be the two most popular activities among young men between the ages of 18 and 30, but for the 704 players at the World Cup in France there is a lot of one and not much of the other just at the moment.

The Japanese team are enduring enforced celibacy, but the management have made one small concession to raise team morale: a special delivery of pornographic magazines has been shipped

in to the team's training headquarters in France.

THOSE old World Cup favourites the Three Tenors are cashing in, sorry, uniting once again, this time showing sparkling originality by recording a version of You'll Never Walk Alone. Placido Domingo (the fat one), José Carreras (the thin one) and Luciano Pavarotti (the very fat one) will unveil their gospel version of the song in a concert beneath the Eiffel Tower on July 10.

ANGLA-Australian relations have hit an all time low in the usually serene streets of Bath ahead of Monday night's clash between Romania and England. Film producers from Down Under have chosen upmarket Catherine Street to shoot scenes from the life of Percy Grainger.

A missive was sent to each household asking them to remove their TV aerials for the duration of the shoot for

the sake of authenticity. "Who is Percy Grainger anyway? He's not important enough to warrant me missing England in the World Cup and that's that," said one outraged home owner. In answer to the question, we can reveal that Grainger was a composer and "Australia's greatest eccentric" who stood six feet with flaming red hair brushed upwards to nearly a foot in height (yes, he does sound suspiciously like a Scottish football supporter).

LET'S hope events in Bath don't escalate to the scenes witnessed in Nairobi during the Cameroon-Italy match on Wednesday night. Three hundred Kenyan students went on the rampage after a blackout interrupted television coverage after half an hour at Nairobi university. Armed with metal bars, stones and other crude weapons, the students attacked motorists, smashed windows and looted goods in

the city centre, the Daily Nation reported.

ENGLAND fan Jason Simpson from Plymouth suffered two hours of agony to have the Three Lions symbol tattooed on his chest. Mr Simpson paid £80 for a four-inch high pattern identical to the one on the England team's shirts.

He spent two hours at tattooist Bill Price's shop in Union Street, Plymouth, and the design includes "England" and "1998" above and below the tattoo. That will look good if England go out in this round.

MEANWHILE, the England baked bean controversy rumbled on yesterday when the man from Heinz landed in Toulouse on a mission to persuade Glenn Hoddle to lift the match-day bean ban. Steve Mariner from Heinz gets our vote for most pathetic PR inspired quote of the World Cup so far: "We just hope the ban is lifted before Monday's

game so the team can really put the wind up Romania!"

CORRUPTION once more rears its ugly head in the world of football. A top Hong Kong soccer player pleaded guilty yesterday to accepting a bribe from a bookmaker to fix a World Cup qualifying match last year. Chan Tsz-kong, aged 26, admitted to conspiring with teammates to concede two goals in a World Cup qualifying match with Thailand last March in Bangkok. Hong Kong lost 2-0. Striker Chan pocketed around £15,000 from the bookmaker.

Hong Kong's Independent Commission Against Corruption said. He was among 30 people arrested in a police operation against three gambling syndicates in the territory last week. The commission said there were suspicions that several other qualifying matches played by the Hong Kong team were also fixed.

Janie Wilson

online

Every Thursday in the
The Guardian INTERNATIONAL

Father sever second defen

The Guardian Saturday June 20 1998

She was difficult... she would destroy clothing and hurt herself

PHOTOGRAPH: LIONEL BONAVENTURE

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Father's seven second defence

Luke Harding

THE trial of Sir Brian Hayes, the Football Association's head of security, appeared shellshocked after the Marseille violence

Anthony Scrivener, QC, defending, asked Jenkins: "Did you kill Billie-Jo Jenkins?" The deputy head teacher, who was giving evidence for the first time on the 12th day of his trial, replied: "No, I didn't kill Billie-Jo."

The court was stunned when Mr Scrivener sat down and said: "That's all, thank you."

It is alleged that Jenkins, aged 40, murdered Billie-Jo

behaviour when she would destroy items of clothing or hurt herself, ripping the heads off dolls."

Asked about the day of her murder, Jenkins denied there had been a dispute that morning, or that Billie-Jo had called his wife a "bitch". He said: "Billie had never used that kind of language, or any derogatory term, before."

On that Saturday, Billie-Jo and Jenkins' two elder daughters, Anna and Lottie, were to do some odd jobs to earn extra pocket money. The court heard that Billie-Jo was given about £1.20 a week, and was saving to buy trainers costing £28. Jenkins denied there was a row over which girl should paint the doors.

Earlier, the court has heard it alleged that Jenkins bludgeoned Billie-Jo to death in a "few minutes" between car trips with Lottie and Annie. After killing her, he went off on a "pointless" trip to buy white spirit, to try to distance himself from the scene.

Inside the court, Jenkins was shown a half-full, two-litre container of white spirit, which police found in his house after his arrest. Peering at it, Jenkins said: "I wasn't aware that we had that in our house."

In a witness statement handed to the court, Jenkins claimed that he and his wife had been so concerned about a prowler they wanted to move house. There had been an attempted break-in at their home, when a pane of glass in the patio door had been smashed and the catch forced.

Asked why he had not reported this incident to the police, Jenkins replied: "Because I think we had had so much trouble and nothing had been done." He added: "The marks on the door will still be there."

Billie-Jo's natural parents, Bill and Deborah Jenkins, (unrelated to the defendant), stared intently at Jenkins as he gave evidence.

Jenkins denies murder. The trial was adjourned by Mr Justice Gege until Tuesday.

'She was difficult... she would destroy clothing and hurt herself'

with an 18 in metal tent spike while she was painting the patio doors of their home in Hastings, East Sussex, in February last year.

After formally denying the murder, Jenkins was cross-examined for more than two hours by Richard Camden Pratt, QC, prosecuting.

The court in Lewes, East Sussex, heard that Billie-Jo was a lively girl interested in drama. She had lived with Jenkins, his wife Lois, and their four daughters, for four-and-a-half years.

Rocking backwards and forwards as he gave evidence, Jenkins admitted she was a "disturbed" child, who had arrived with many problems.

"Over the years those receded," he told the court. "In the initial years [she] was with us, she was a difficult girl. That was shown in her

The Lord Neill affair



Lord Neill, above, who is acting for former Westminster council leader Dame Shirley Porter, below, in her attempt to quash the £27 million surcharge for 'gerrymandering'



Formidable lawyer who misses the big picture

David Hencke on public standards chief now representing Dame Shirley Porter

"VERY, very clever men can sometimes be very stupid when it comes to the big picture," was the verdict last night from one person who had worked closely with Lord Neill, the 71-year-old chairman of the Committee on Standards in Public Life.

The reaction was typical among colleagues to the news that Lord Neill is now acting for Dame Shirley Porter to quash her £27 million surcharge for "gerrymandering" while she was Tory leader of Westminster council in the late 1980s.

Lord Neill has a formidable reputation as a lawyer. Unlike his predecessor, Lord Nolan, he has a flourishing practice in the inner Temple. He is said to like nothing better than taking

on a complex case before a senior judge in private chambers. His skill is said to be arguing over the boring details. His success can save millions for grateful commercial clients.

His fault, according to friends, is that he is sometimes so absorbed with detail that he takes no notice of the bigger picture, and can be surprisingly unsophisticated in his dealings. They compare him a little unfavourably with Lord Nolan, who acted as "the epitome of unworldliness, but was remarkably shrewd underneath".

Lord Neill has spent his life, since serving as a captain in the Rifle Brigade at the end of the second world war, in academic or legal circles. He belongs to three top clubs, the Athenaeum, the Garrick and the Beefsteak. A devoted family man,

married for over 40 years to Caroline, daughter of the late Sir Piers Debenham, he spends much of his time at his small Dorset estate. He is also an accomplished classical pianist. He has six children — four sons and two daughters — and eight grandchildren.

In public life he has held a range of appointments, the longest being warden of All Souls College, Oxford, for 18 years from 1977 to 1995. He is also a former chairman of the Press Council, predecessor of the Press Complaints Commission, and a former chairman of the Bar Council.

His most prominent public appointment was as vice-chancellor of Oxford University from 1985 to 1989. Here he was responsible for ensuring the university could raise enough money to keep its independence.

During the present party funding inquiry by the Committee of Standards in Public Life, he took evidence from Henry Drucker on why he had fallen out with Labour's Tony Blair's advisers on using blind trusts.

Mr Drucker was comprehensively denounced by Labour after giving evidence, with the party chairman, Mr Blair, replying to Lord Neill that his fundraising advice was misguided and not useful.

Labour may not have realised it, but Lord Neill was in a remarkable position to decide on that matter for himself — because Mr Drucker had been advising him personally on raising funds for Oxford University 10 years previously,

Biggest council scandal of the century

David Hencke

THE "homes for votes" scandal at Conservative-controlled Westminster council was the biggest local government corruption story this century.

The scale of the surcharges — including findings against Liverpool council's Militant-led authority, and Labour-controlled Lambeth.

Westminster was at the time one of Lady Thatcher's favourite authorities with a reputation for low community charges and efficient

public services. Its leader, Dame Shirley Porter, was a national figure with a similar reputation to Lady Thatcher as an "Iron lady".

The auditor's investigation was sparked by complaints from Labour councillors after internal council documents were leaked. The findings, after a seven-year inquiry, were devastating for Dame Shirley.

She was found guilty of "wilful misconduct" and "disgraceful and improper gerrymandering" in an attempt to make sure the Conservatives retained control of the authority in 1990. The scandal

centred around Dame Shirley ordering the designation of eight council wards for a huge sale of council homes so they could move out potential Labour voters and hold the council seats.

The policy cost the council £27 million and Dame Shirley and her deputy, David Weeks, have both been grieved by the auditors to repay all the money.

Last year Dame Shirley took the auditor to the High Court in an attempt to have the findings quashed. Lord Justice Rose threw this out, declaring that Dame Shirley and Mr Weeks "lied to us as they have done to the auditor because they had the ulterior purpose of altering the electorate".

The appeal judges said: "Their purpose throughout was to achieve unlawful electoral advantage. Knowledge of the unlawfulness and such deliberate dressing-up both, inevitably, point to — and we find — wilful misconduct on behalf of each of them."

Israel accused over cell death

David Sharrock in Jerusalem

THE brother of a Scotsman who died in suspicious circumstances in an Israeli jail two months ago yesterday bitterly criticised the authorities for failing to reveal that they had removed and kept his heart.

Jimmy Sinclair, whose brother, Alisdair, was being held on suspicion of smuggling drugs when he died, said his family had been dealt "insult after insult" by Israel.

According to Israeli police, on April 15 Alisdair Sinclair hanged himself in a cell with his shoelaces after admitting to smuggling ecstasy into the country. But they have produced no evidence, the family says.

After complex negotiations to have his body repatriated to Scotland for burial, Mr Sinclair hired a criminal pathologist to re-examine the body. He discovered that the heart was missing.

Mr Sinclair said that at first the Israelis refused to take him seriously, and then only grudgingly agreed to send the heart back to Scotland earlier this month.

Israel's Abu Kahir forensic institute said the organ had been needed for further ex-

amination following an initial autopsy, contradicting a police statement to the Guardian at the time of the death that no autopsy had been carried out.

"We don't detail what we removed or how until we've completed the investigation," Yona Tanenbaum, an official at the institute, said.

"This is a misappropriation, if not a theft, and it shows incredible insensitivity, if not incompetence," Jimmy Sinclair said yesterday. "I've always regarded the Jews as religious people and I am just shattered that they can show so little feeling to the most important part of the body. They know it's where the spirit resides."

"They sent the body home with a box which they said were all his personal effects. It contained some women's clothes and torn sheets. We never got back Alisdair's hand-made boots, which he always wore, nor his wallet and passport."

"Now we have the heart, I am having DNA tests conducted to make sure it really is his heart. We have never received an apology for the anguish this has caused us."

A spokeswoman at the British embassy in Tel Aviv said diplomats were "concerned and disturbed" by the inci-

dent but regarded the matter as closed. She said the circumstances of Mr Sinclair's death were still under investigation.

Jimmy Sinclair believes his brother was throttled by his jailers as a warning to other

couriers. The Public Committee against Torture in Israel has pointed out that detainees have their shoelaces removed before being placed in a cell and that several other people have died in similar circumstances in Israeli prisons.

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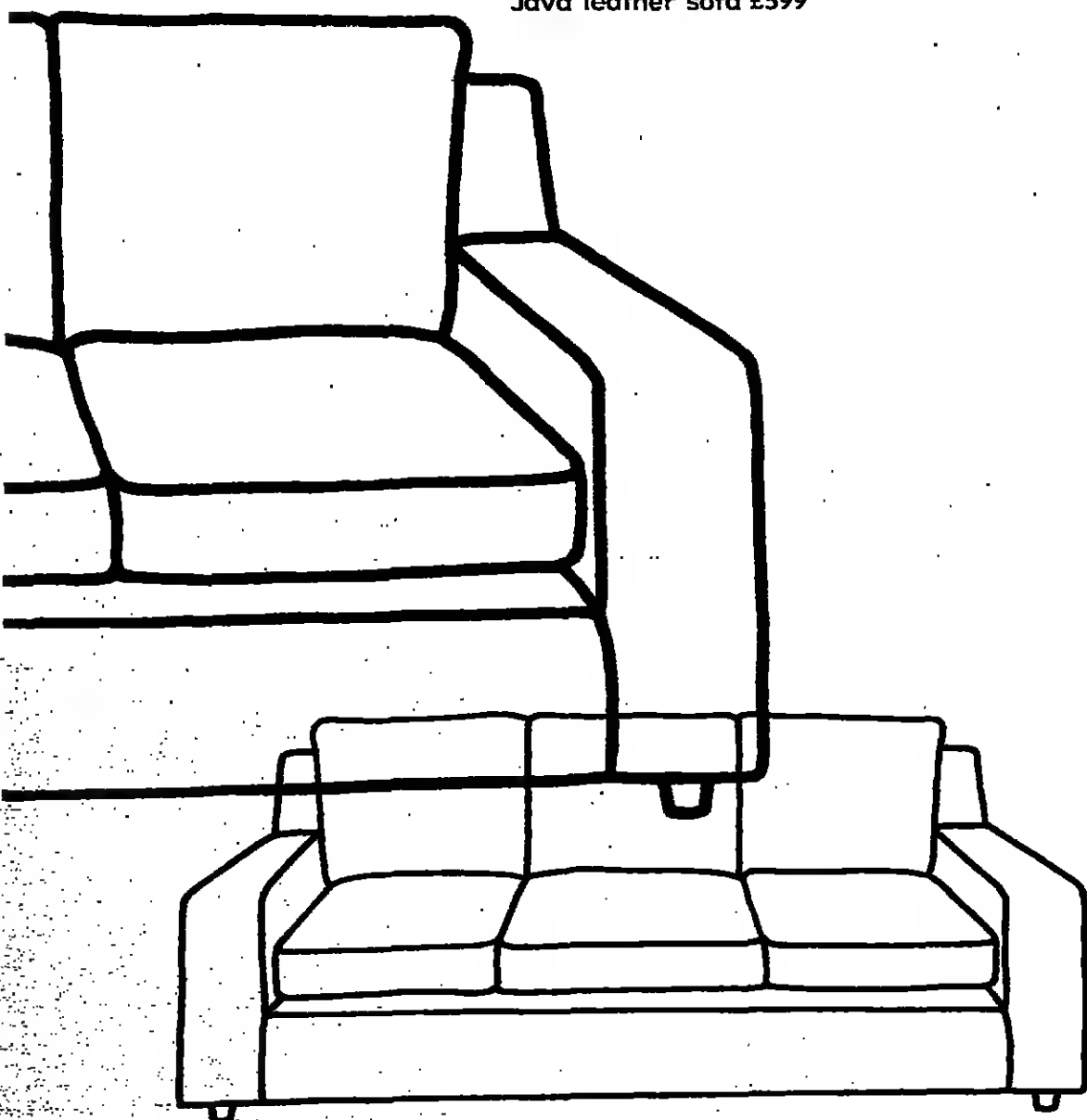
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British scientist held in Bolivia on drug charges

Academics urge FO to seek woman's release

Duncan Campbell
Crime Correspondent

A LEADING British anthropologist and novelist who has taken the part of the Bolivian coca farmers in their battle with the government, is being held in a jail in La Paz accused of drug trafficking.

Members of the academic community in Britain are petitioning the Foreign Office to intervene on her behalf.

Alison Spedding, aged 36, was arrested in a police raid at her home in La Paz on March 30, after a tip-off.

She was said to have had two kilos of cannabis and has been charged with narcotics trafficking, which carries a sentence of up to 25 years. She has also been accused of "criminal association" and "inducement to corruption".

Dr Spedding has been involved in Bolivia as an anthropologist since 1985 and has been living there since 1989. She is a lecturer in social anthropology at San Andres university and is respected in the anthropological community as an expert on the Aymara culture.

More significantly, she has been prominent in speaking out on behalf of the *cocaleros*, the coca farmers under pressure from the Bolivian gov-



Alison Spedding
"political scapegoat" fears

ernment to destroy their crops because they can be used in cocaine manufacture.

Other expatriates in Bolivia say she has studied the history of the traditional and religious uses of coca leaves and has made plain her opposition to the destruction of crops now taking place, partly under pressure from the US government.

Dr Spedding was arrested just before she was to return to England on holiday. She had \$2,500 (about £1,500) with her, and this is being used as evidence that she must have been involved in trafficking. Her cash was confiscated and her bank account frozen, despite the fact that she had five years of university pay slips showing the tax she had paid.

"There is absolutely no way that she is involved in trafficking," said her mother, Maureen Raybould, who lives

in Windlesham, Surrey. "She lives very simply. Her academic work is the only thing of importance to her. It appears she is being used as a political scapegoat."

Dr Spedding grew up in Maidenhead and Reading and studied at King's College, Cambridge. After taking her master's degree she travelled, then studied for her doctorate at the London School of Economics. She has written an historical-fiction trilogy of which the second volume was published last month by HarperCollins.

Her job inside the prison is teaching English, and she shares a cell with seven women and their babies. She is also putting a young Bolivian through university at her own expense. But her friends and family are concerned because she is suffering from typhoid, salmonella and parasites for which she was hoping to receive treatment in England. Her court hearing is scheduled for October.

Fellow anthropologists from the LSE, Goldsmiths, Cambridge, Essex, Lampeter and Liverpool universities have contacted Baroness Symonds, the consular minister. Academics at universities in the US and Canada have also offered their support.

A spokesman for the Bolivian embassy in London said the quantity of drugs allegedly found by police indicated it was not merely for her personal use. All drug possession carries a custodial sentence.

The Bolivian government is anxious to demonstrate to the international community that it is tough on drugs.



The right type... a regular visitor enjoys the sun in Frinton, Essex, where residents are trying to repel 'the wrong kind of tripper' PHOTOGRAPH BY RICHARD CLIVER

Frinton Canutes face tide of alcohol

Russell Nicol

AT exactly 5pm the shutters come down in the pretty seaside town of Frinton in Essex. Night has arrived and the entertainment is over -

for the moment at least. Doors lock, the fishmonger and the butcher wipe their surfaces clean. Across Connaught Avenue, Robin Cooper locks up Blowers and Coopers, the ironmonger and the oldest business in town. On July 24, he will close the doors for

good and the purveyors of booze might move in. "I object strongly," said one elderly lady who has lived in Frinton for 45 years. "It will bring in the wrong type."

Few of the town's 6,000 residents want their names mentioned, most start their conversations "This may sound a bit snobbish but..."

"The problem is that Mr Cooper sold his shop, which was built in 1912, to a developer who in turn has invited the brewery business, J.D. Wetherspoon, to open a pub. Frinton has never had to deal with a pub before and the residents are not keen about the idea."

To get to Frinton, which is near the wider resort of Clacton, the visitor has to pass over a rail crossing. To the locals the gate is called Checkpoint Charlie, a barrier which protects the genteel from the outside world.

Once through the gate, Frinton is home to many people who are willing away their final years. In the 1991 census, there were 98 people who were over 90 years old. There were exactly the same number aged 18 and 19. The numbers between the ages of 70 and 90 totalled 1,281 while those between 18 and 40 reached only 517. "As the 90-year-olds are carried out, the 65-year-olds move in," said one resident.

Wetherspoon, as everybody in town acknowledges, are the best of a bad lot. "It's difficult to find anyone with anything to say against them," said Roy Caddick, secretary of the Frinton residents association. "They are very

Frinton's Six Commandments

- **One:** No building on the estate must exist for the sale of excitable liquor (no pubs).
- **Two:** No buildings must be used as a fever or small-pox hospital.
- **Three:** No swing gates on any plots adjoining a road.
- **Four:** No hut or shed, caravan or house on wheels shall be allowed on the estate.
- **Five:** The vendor shall not authorise tripe boilers, horse slaughterers, soap boilers, tallow melters or any noxious or offensive trade on the estate.
- **Six:** You can't sink or use a cesspool or dead well on the estate.

big money, they are extremely reputable and they have proper rules. They do not play music and they don't want extended licensing hours."

The brewers say they will invest £800,000 in the town and create new jobs. The residents do not care. "There are areas and areas, bad and good and Connaught Avenue has been going down hill for the last few years," said Irene Woodrow, aged 76, who declared she viewed the proposal "with horror".

The town's defence goes

back to late in the last century when it was bought from the company that had developed Clacton. The purchaser was Richard Cooper who founded the town with strong rules to make it select. "The Cooper estate insisted on the strictest covenants," said Mr Caddick's wife, Jane.

Among these rules were the laws that no tanneries, candlemakers or pubs would be allowed. And no cesspools either. "Frinton became popular between the wars because France was smashed up. The Churchills were regulars. Winston was once seen beating his son, Randolph, on the esplanade."

"Mr Cooper made it select and that's why those famous people came here, because they discovered the hol polli didn't," said Mr Caddick.

In 1991 a similar scandal broke in Frinton when a fish and chip shop was opened. The ensuing row, which the residents' association lost, led to editorials in broadsheet newspapers and television reports in Australia.

The residents' association met on Thursday to consider the planning application. Yesterday Mr Caddick faxed the company requesting a meeting.

He promised the association, which represents one-third of the households, would be reasonable if the company played fairly. But he pointed out that it has already derailed two previous attempts to open pubs in Frinton.

"Battle will commence on July 6," he said with relish.

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Minsk finally flushes out EU envoys

Tom Whitehouse in Moscow

WESTERN diplomats in Belarus, prevented from entering their embassy compound by a crack team of state plumbers backed by armed police, prepared yesterday to turn their backs on the former Soviet republic, abandoning it to the international isolation its autocratic president has long craved.

The 15 European Union envoys and the United States ambassador are expected to return home within days.

"The governments of the EU states took a decision to recall their ambassadors from Belarus for an undetermined time," said the Bulgarian ambassador, Marko Ganchev, who attended a meeting of the EU diplomats after he too was excluded from his residence.

President Alexander Lukashenko tried to play down the row. "Information on the incident has been misinterpreted both by the media and some diplomats," he said.

Mr Lukashenko claims he is acting within his rights because only the diplomatic residences, and not the embassy offices, have been cut off.

But the diplomats say Belarus has committed a gross violation of protocol: under international law the residences are considered part of an embassy and are therefore sovereign territory of the ambassador's country.

"We will have a severe response to this act of trickery," warned a German foreign ministry spokesman in Bonn.

The dispute flared two months ago when Mr Lukashenko told diplomats from 22 countries, including France, the US and Germany, to vacate their premises so that "urgent plumbing repairs" could be completed at the leafy Drozdki estate, where the president also has his residence, on the outskirts of the capital Minsk.

The EU and US responded by threatening to recall their ambassadors.

Last week Mr Lukashenko tried a new ruse, claiming the compound was sovereign Belarusian territory where his wishes were sacrosanct.

When the diplomats showed him the leases confirming their residency rights, Mr Lukashenko appeared to relent, reassuring them on Wednesday that they could stay.

But yesterday the president apparently lost patience and sealed off the whole compound.

The ambassadors reportedly protested with police for an hour at barriers erected half a mile from their residences, before retreating to the British embassy, which is in the city centre and unaffected by the compound's closure, to plan their response.

Only neighbouring Russia looks likely to keep its staff in Belarus. Its ambassador, Valery Nesterushkin, said: "I don't think that in this situation we would have any actions on the reactions of other ambassadors."

Mr Lukashenko is expected to let the Russians — on whom he depends for his country's energy supplies — return to their residence after the repairs are completed.

The president may not be concerned by his country's new pariah status. He openly pines for the brutal certainties of the Soviet era, blaming the West for his problems and seeking to subsume the independence his country gained in 1991 in a restored union with Russia.

It may even have been his intention to provoke the diplomatic exodus so that his increasingly authoritarian actions receive less attention.

Among Western diplomats, Belarus is dubbed "the North Korea of Europe" because most people live in greater poverty than even their Russian neighbours.



Gypsy residents look on as a Czech television crew reports from Matični Street in Usti Nad Labem. The town plans to build a wall there to segregate the Gypsies. PHOTOGRAPH BY SEAN GALLUP

Czech Gypsies fear ghetto wall

Ian Traynor in Usti Nad Labem

THE WALL on Matični Street has not been built yet. The shame and the indignity aroused by the very idea of the wall mean that it may never be built. But the bitter feud raging in this small, grimy north Bohemian town about "whites and blacks" — Czechs and Gypsies — and the wall to segregate the one from the other mark a new and alarming departure in contemporary European racism.

For the Czechs of Matični Street, apartheid is imperative. "The wall is the only solution," says Jaroslav Kopecký, aged 53, an electrician who lives around the corner from the target of the Czech ire, two dilapidated blocks of flats housing 104 Czech Gypsies, or Roma. "The Gypsies get drunk, they make a racket at night, they pile up the rubbish till the rats come and then they play with the rats. No wonder we want the wall. It's unbearable."

For the Gypsies of Matični Street, lodged by the council in what is supposed to be temporary housing with no hot water and only communal showers, the wall is the thin end of a racist wedge that culminates in ghettos, camps, deportation and murder.

"If they insist on the wall, it will be very bad," sighs Tibor Badl, aged 49, a disabled

father of three. "I don't care. I'll die soon. But what about my kids? They'll be growing up in a concentration camp."

During the first world war, our grandparents ran away and escaped," says Gisela Kulenova, aged 37, a mother of four. "During the second world war, our parents were killed. And now we've got democracy, are we supposed to run away again? They want rid of us, but where are we supposed to go?"

The two blocks bousting the 37 Gypsy families on the fringe of this town, which straddles the river Elbe, are hemmed in by derelict buildings. Terraced houses inhabited by Czechs line one side of Matični Street.

The town mayor, Ladislav Hruska, wants to build a 15ft-high wall the length of the street, to separate the Gypsies from their fellow Czech citizens and neighbours. Liberals in Prague are appalled, but the government displays utter indifference. Human rights activists are outraged, but the mayor is intransigent.

A United States congressman protested and Mayor Hruska wrote back, telling him to mind his own business and concentrate on the problem of black ghettos in the US.

The row about the wall is but a symptom of the systematic discrimination and intimidation suffered by the Czech Republic's 300,000-strong Gypsy community. In February in the east Bohemian town of Vrchlabi, three

skinheads battered a Gypsy woman senseless before throwing her into the Elbe where she drowned. Last month in the Moravian town of Orlova, Milan Lacko, aged 40, a father of five, was attacked by a gang of four youths and left lying on a street where first a car and then a lorry ran over him.

only offences where charges are brought. Most Gypsies view the police as skinhead sympathisers and do not report attacks.

Vladislava Gorolova, aged 23, one of Usti Nad Labem's 10,000 Gypsies, was seven months' pregnant and out walking with her young son when a gang of skinheads at-

broke up in 1992, new Czech citizenship laws deliberately left 100,000 Gypsies stateless. Six years on, 10,000 are still without citizenship.

The Cauldron, a primetime TV talkshow, featured a Gypsy politician, Ivan Vesely, this week being grilled by a studio audience. "Black bastard," they screamed at him as the anchorwoman threatened to call police and take the programme off the air.

"I was shocked. I expected it to be bad, but not that bad," sighs Monika Horakova, a Prague Roma who is the government commissioner for Roma affairs. She has occupied a spacious office in the Prague palace that is the seat of government since January.

She has three staff, no budget, no resources and no powers. She smiles sadly when asked if her commission is a government attempt to pretend it is doing something about the Gypsy problem.

"The commission comprises 10 deputy ministers and six Roma representatives, so that's discrimination right away," she says. "If anything is put to the vote, the Roma have no chance."

The only figure in the government to intervene in the last wall crisis is the young minister without portfolio, Vladimir Mlynar, who went to the town to try to mediate.

"The problem is the town hall and the mayor's very bad behaviour," he says. "But there are many streets like Matični Street in our country. All I



lacked her with tennis rackets, splitting her head open. "I went to the police, but nothing happened."

Of the 500,000 Gypsies murdered in the Holocaust, all but 600 of 8,000 Czech Gypsies perished in what the Roma call "The Devouring". The current community migrated from Slovakia after the war. The communists banned their language and nomadic lifestyle and put them in towns.

But when Czechoslovakia

He was the 32nd Gypsy to die in racially motivated attacks in the Czech Republic since the "velvet revolution" of 1989, although the courts and the authorities decline to classify most of the violence as racially motivated. According to the government commission on Roma affairs, there have been 93 criminal assaults on Gypsies this year, 50 per cent up on 1997.

That is but a fraction of the real figure since it includes

No jokes please we're German, advertising students told

Dennis Staunton in Berlin

GERMAN advertising students were told this week to avoid jokes if they want to sell their products to their countrymen.

Volker Nickel, a spokesman for the German Advertising Federation, told communications students in Berlin that, although funny advertisements go down well in the British market, they do not work in Germany.

"There is no question that humorous advertising captures the attention of the audience but high recognition is not the same as advertising effectiveness," he said.

German say they enjoy humorous commercials but their laughter seldom translates into sales, as the Japanese car manufacturer Toyota discovered recently.

It won a 78 per cent approval rating for an advertisement showing singers dressed as apes, but its market share in Germany fell by more than 12 per cent. "Someone who spends DM30,000 [£10,000] on a car doesn't want to drive a joke," said Mr Nickel.

He said while a campaign for Camel cigarettes had won creative prizes, it had not helped sales. In contrast, an "earnest, boring executive" had scored huge success with his advertisements for a toothbrush.

Warships steam towards Cyprus

Chris Drake in Nicosia and Ian Black

AN AMERICAN aircraft carrier leading a full battle group is heading towards Cyprus today as Greece and Turkey engage in a war of words and flex their military muscles on the divided island.

A Pentagon spokesman, Kenneth Bacon, stressed that the USS Eisenhower was in the region for a routine exercise, but plans would be altered to make her "available for anything she has to meet there."

But there was growing international concern that continuing military bluff and counter-bluff could explode into war if not quickly controlled.

Turkey, which invaded Cyprus and occupied the north

in 1974, started this round by sending several warships. Greece then dispatched four F-16 jet fighters and two transport planes to the new Andreas Papandreu airbase in Paphos. On Thursday, Turkey dispatched six F-16s to an airfield near Nicosia, though they left yesterday.

Turkey's foreign minister, Ismail Cem, vowed to counter Greek moves. "Whatever is done to provoke or weaken the rightful cause of the Turkish Cypriots will be duly answered by Turkey."

Greece dismissed the threats. "This is psychological muscle-flexing rather than a direct threat," said George Papandreu, a foreign minister.

The United States and Germany both issued warnings about the dangers of displays of force and appealed for political dialogue to solve differences.

In London, Turkish diplomats asked the Foreign Office for British intervention as one of the island's three "guarantor powers", and urged Greece to reduce tensions.

But Greek Cypriots are sceptical about a British role, given that the leader of their Turkish counterparts, Rauf Denkash, refuses even to meet with Sir David Hannay, the European Union's special representative to the island.

Anger and frustration now surround the entire issue, with efforts to reunify the two communities deadlocked after the EU decision to refuse Turkey's application for membership, while proceeding with one from the Greek Cypriot government.

Last week's EU summit in Cardiff failed to make progress. Ankara was again told it might one day become a

News in brief

Banning lying is un-American, say judges

OUTLAWING lying in political campaigns is unconstitutional, the Washington state supreme court has ruled.

"The very purpose of the First Amendment," the court wrote, "is to foreclose public authority from assuming a guardianship of the public mind... In this field every person must be his own watchman for truth."

A handful of states have similar statutes, but none has yet been reviewed by the United States supreme court.

The ruling comes at a time when the issue of lying has gained new public prominence, due in large part to Kenneth Starr's investigation into whether President Clinton lied to conceal a sexual relationship with Monica Lewinsky. As Mr Starr has shown, determining what is true or false is a tricky endeavour. — Los Angeles Times, Seattle.

New group for Eurosceptics

France's former Gaullist interior minister Charles Pasqua said yesterday he was launching a new rightwing movement to campaign against the enlargement of the European Union. — Reuters.

Beirut car bomb

A car bomb killed two people in the Dawra area of mostly Christian east Beirut, a security source said. — Reuters.

Tea-leaf strikes

The EU's switch to "green housekeeping" in its own buildings is under threat after much of the re-usable china which replaced disposable plastic cups has gone missing, writes Martin Walker in Brussels.

South African court ruling tackled on two fronts

SOUTH Africa's National Party yesterday called on the judge who overturned President Nelson Mandela's appointment of a commission of inquiry into rugby to give reasons for the decision.

The appeal followed an unprecedented attack on the judiciary by the ruling African National Congress, which accused Mr Justice William de Villiers of having come close to sabotaging the country's constitution by summing up the decision.

While describing the ANC's statement as "hysterical", the National Party said it was a matter of urgency that the judge explain the reasoning behind his judgement. — David Beresford, Johannesburg.

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The Guardian

'Final' Swiss bank offer is robbery, say Jews

Mark Tran in New York

SWITZERLAND'S three largest banks yesterday offered to pay no more than \$800 million (\$370 million) to settle claims from Holocaust survivors who have accused the banks of misappropriating assets of account holders who were sent to death camps.

The announcement by Credit Suisse, Swiss Bank and Union Bank of Switzerland, marked the first time the banks have mentioned a figure for a possible settlement, but it was immediately condemned by Jewish groups. The banks said the \$800 million included about \$70 million they had already paid into a humanitarian fund set up by Swiss banks, the central bank and private businesses last year to aid needy Holocaust victims.

The offer does not include repayments to Holocaust victims or their heirs from dormant wartime accounts in Swiss banks that an independent auditing team headed by a former United States central banker, Paul Volcker, is hunting for. The banks said, "By all legitimate criteria, this is a fair offer. The banks view this offer to be at the upper limit of what can be justified."

The three banks said in a joint statement. Abraham Burg, the head of the Jewish Agency in Israel, said the offer was "robbery and an evil deed." "The three banks... hid the stolen property for years and now are trying to earn interest," he said. Michael Kahan, the senior vice-president of the American Jewish Congress, added: "This is probably going to be unacceptable, given all the interest that has accrued since the 1930s."

In March, the Swiss banks agreed in principle to an out-of-court settlement of \$2 billion class-action lawsuits in the US. The settlement was due to be completed by the end of the month. In response to recent reports that some lawyers were demanding more than \$1 billion in the settlement, the banks yesterday warned they "would not entertain unfounded and excessive demands for payments".

The Credit Suisse chair-

man, Rainer Gut, said the banks had gone public with their offer "because there has been so much speculation, so many leaks and semi-leaks". But the World Jewish Congress in New York, one of the groups involved in the search for a settlement, expressed its dismay. The World Jewish Congress said the Swiss declaration was a "dramatic violation of the confidentiality agreement" by the banks.

The settlement talks began in April under the auspices of the US under-secretary of state, Stuart Eizenstat, and headed off threats of a boycott of Swiss banks in the US, particularly in New York. Both the Swiss government and the Swiss central bank have refused so far to join settlement talks.

Class-action lawsuits in the US have targeted German and Swiss banks. Earlier this month, concentration camp victims and their heirs began a \$18 billion lawsuit against Deutsche Bank and Dresdner, the two largest German commercial banks in the US.

The lawsuits against the Swiss banks allege they hoarded assets deposited by tens of thousands of subsequent Holocaust victims. After the war, the banks allegedly refused to pay the money to survivors and their heirs, claiming they could not find the accounts or demanding non-existent death certificates.

The New York business community has been ostracising Swiss banks, particularly the Union Bank of Switzerland, for allegedly trying to cover up their Nazi past by destroying records. This month, US government historians charged that Swiss banks had channelled gold stolen by Nazi Germany to other countries as payment for raw material that helped sustain Hitler's war effort.

Switzerland has been criticised by two US government reports for having handled Nazi gold, but Mr Eizenstat has urged US plaintiffs not to use the threat of a boycott to force the banks to settle. If the talks collapse, lawyers who have brought the three huge class-action suits against Swiss banks are expected to press for their claims to be heard as quickly as possible.

Letters, page 10

Shaman or sham, Carlos Castaneda is dead, but no one close to the best-selling writer is saying anything

Final trip for New Age pioneer

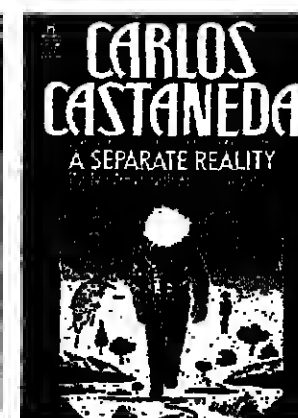
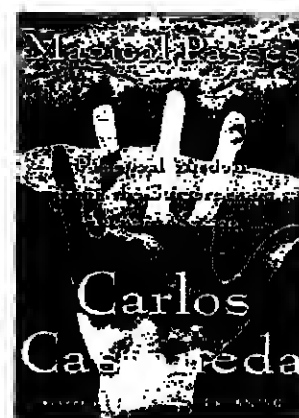
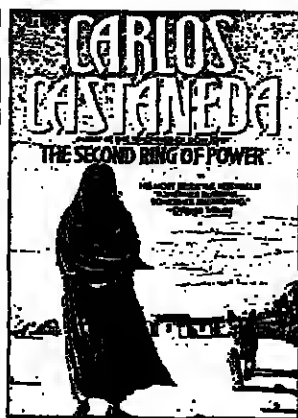
Christopher Reed in Los Angeles

THE self-proclaimed shaman and best-selling author Carlos Castaneda, who pioneered the New Age movement with stories about a Mexican sorcerer called Don Juan, has died as mysteriously as he lived.

His demise in the fashionable Los Angeles district of Brentwood, was disclosed by the Los Angeles Times yesterday, almost two months after it apparently happened on April 27. He was believed to be 72, but his death certificate contained various falsehoods and he himself switched his year and place of birth.

Nobody near to him, including his lawyer, made an announcement and almost none is talking — an attitude that again raises the question: Was Castaneda a shaman or a sham?

He came to fame in 1968 when, as an anthropology graduate student at the University of California, he wrote a master's thesis about a journey he made in Arizona and Mexico. After studying the effects of medicinal and psychedelic plants, he said he met — in



Carlos Castaneda and some of his mystical books

a Greyhound bus station — a mysterious Yaqui Indian named Juan Matus, who used powerful hallucinogens to initiate novices into a mystical world.

The thesis became a best-seller, *The Teaching of Don Juan: A Yaqui Way of Knowledge*. Nine more books followed and they were translated into 17 languages. But Castaneda's canon is not regarded seriously by academic anthropologists, and suspiciously by academics. He has always remained that Don Juan never existed.

Over the years, Castaneda experimented with psy-

chedelic plants such as peyote, jimson weed and dried mushrooms, which gave him powerful dreams as well as some "bad trips". He was of rotating the Sonora desert with Don Juan and seeing giant insects. He became a crowd, grew a beard and learned to fly, and after experiencing "states of non-ordinary reality" arrived at a higher consciousness that gave him great wisdom.

Back in LA the mystic's lawyer, Deborah Drooz, said that as Castaneda had disliked publicity and being photographed or

recorded, "I did not take it upon myself to issue a press release". Michael Korda, the British author who edited Castaneda's books, said: "I have made it a lifetime practice never to discuss Castaneda with anyone in the newspaper business."

Castaneda's literary agent, Tracy Kramer, would only say: "In the tradition of the shamans of his lineage, [he] left this world in full awareness."

The shaman of Westwood left a will to be published next month, but among other errors his death certificate said he had never

been married. This came as a surprise to Margaret Runyan Castaneda, aged 76, his lawful wife from 1960-73. She was upset to hear of his death from the Los Angeles Times and said: "I wasn't notified, I had no idea."

In a 1997 memoir that Castaneda tried to ban, she wrote that "much of the Castaneda mystery is based on the fact that even his closest friends aren't sure who he is". The well-known author Joyce Carol Oates wondered in 1972: "Is it possible these books are non-fiction? They are beautifully constructed. The di-

alogue is fanatical. The character of Don Juan is unforgettable. There is a novelistic momentum."

Dr Michael Shermer, publisher of *Skeptic* magazine and a debunker of mystical matters, said Castaneda's work was "not entirely" fictional because he did research Mexican-Indian religious beliefs and probably met shamans. But Don Juan was probably an amalgam. "He tweaked it all a little bit here and there and it became a money-making scheme."

Orin Tyson, a spokesman for the American Atheists society, was blunter. "I'm not surprised his people are guarding Castaneda, because if you looked too closely there's nothing there," he said.

But many still revere Castaneda as the father of a quasi-religious New Age. Time magazine wrote in the early 1970s: "To tens of thousands of readers the first meeting of Castaneda with Juan Matus is a better-known literary event than the encounter of Dante and Beatrice beside the Arno."

In today's material world, of course, neither event is recognised by very many people.

Motown blues as the jobs head south

Martin Kettle in Flint, Michigan, on a dispute over the future of a great American industry

YOU do not need to talk to the members of the United Auto Workers in Flint, Michigan, to know what underlies their strike against General Motors.

All you need to do is to read the large notice in the car park behind their local union branch offices, which has become the strike headquarters. "The parking of any foreign-made autos on Local 659 property is absolutely prohibited," the notice reads. "Violators will have their autos towed at their own expense."

The workers believe that GM wants to foster foreign-made cars on American consumers, pitting American carworkers out of a job. This will further deplete the much-reduced GM workforce at its Michigan headquarters and bring community life in Flint, one of the classic one-industry, one-company towns of industrial America, to its knees.

"We know what they're doing," said Norm McComb, as he organised the increasingly entrenched dispute at GM's metal fabricating division. It makes engine cradles for almost all GM cars and vans and the two-week old strike is crippling GM's United States operation. "We know that they're building plants in Mexico and that the vehicles they are manufacturing there aren't all being sold in Mexico but are being

shipped back here," said Mr McComb. Out on the Bristol Road picket line, the strikers looked more like people enjoying a beach holiday than militants in the front line of America's most serious industrial conflict of 1998.

In hot sunshine, they sat on beach chairs under parasols wearing T-shirts and shorts, waving to passing motorists who beeped their horns. In support, as they headed off towards Detroit. There were plenty of women on the picket line, and children too. But the pickets shared Mr McComb's view of what this dispute is about. "They want to take our jobs and ship them down the highway to Mexico," said one, pointing south. "They think they can monkey with us," said another. "but we won't let them destroy our jobs and our town."

The Flint strike began at the end of May, when, according to the union, GM management began using non-union contractors to shift machinery out of the metal fabricating plant during the holiday week. Ironically, workers at a plant in Mansfield, Ohio, on June 5, the 3,400 workers walked out and accused GM of breaking its agreements. Although there have been intermittent talks between GM and the UAW union since, both sides say there has been no progress.

Last week, 6,000 workers at another plant in Flint walked out, cutting off the supply of vital components for a range of GM vehicles and hastening the next round of layoffs throughout the company's North American operation. Secondly, the company is

about to shut down for its annual summer holiday, which means a settlement unlikely until the second week of July at the earliest. This is an odd time for a big dispute in the US. In spite of the upbeat mood among American trade unions following the 1997 UPS delivery strike, which ended in a victory for the Teamsters Union, strikes are running at a low level in the US, largely due to the strong economy.

In the car industry, in particular, conditions for skilled workers remain excellent. Most shopfloor workers, a UAW source admitted, take home more than \$50,000 (\$30,700) a year, and many skilled workers at GM get closer to \$60,000 (\$49,000) with overtime deals. As a result, industry analysts believe that the dispute may not spread beyond GM very quickly. The



A temp agency worker leaflets workers in Georgia whose plant has been shut by the strike in Flint PHOTOGRAPH: RIC FELD

Flint strike, they say, can be explained only by the history of bad industrial relations.

General Motors has not managed change as effectively as its competitors. When Ford and Chrysler stopped building new production plants, GM kept on. The company now has excess capacity and too many workers are working at less than full capacity. The union blames poor investment.

But even union sources say that more jobs are certain to go at GM. Over the next 20 years, GM is shed 20,000 workers in Flint alone. It recently announced that Buick City, where one of its lines is manufactured, will shut in 1999, at the loss of another 2,800 jobs. By 2000, GM may shed an additional 11,000 Flint jobs.

Change on that scale, in a small city such as Flint, is a catastrophe. The town has never had easy industrial relations. Now there is a sense of desperation. "All through the years, labour relations at General Motors have been much more contentious than at Ford or Chrysler," said Doug Fraser, the Glasgow-born former national president of the UAW, who now teaches labour relations. "Maybe it's the sheer bigness of the company, but the workers just do not trust General Motors. The company doesn't have respect the way the others do."

All of which is exacerbated in a one-industry, one-company town. "Everything is more intense in Flint," said Mr Fraser. "It's a place with a lot of history. And the mood is full of insecurity. They know that the big Buick plant is going to close next year. There is a widespread fear of the future in Flint. It's a very emotional thing."

US columnist sacked for making up quotes

Joanna Coles in New York

THE Boston Globe, one of America's most respected newspapers, has sacked a top columnist for making up quotes and inventing characters.

The decision is the more grave because Patricia Smith is not young and inexperienced. She is 42 and was a respected figure in Massachusetts who last year was shortlisted for a Pulitzer prize.



Ms Smith: attributed quotes to people who do not exist

The news comes less than a month after the New Republic sacked an associate editor and reporter, Stephen Glass, after he admitted making up features. He was also dropped from George magazine after it became clear he had made up quotes for a profile of President Bill Clinton's friend, Vernon Jordan.

Like Mr Glass, Ms Smith was rumoured after an editor, snappish because some of her quotes seemed too articulate, made checks while she was on holiday. Fabrications had occurred in three columns in April and another last month. The Globe said more research was being carried out into her previous work.

The sacking coincides with the launch this week of *Brill's Content*, a magazine aimed at exposing in-



A Save the Children plane delivering supplies in southern Sudan.

Photo: Neil Cooper

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Lords of Change

Peers must be reformers

THIS is going to be a lovely day for Melvyn Bragg and Waheed Alli, Norman Lamont and Tim Bell, along with the 23 others named in today's list of new working peers. The phone will be ringing off the hook: nids friends calling to offer congratulations, nieces and grandsons asking if they can come to the House of Lords for tea, jokes about "Your Lordship" and all the other fun and games of Britain's peculiar Upper House.

Peewee begrudge the chosen 27 the delights of honour they are about to enjoy. For most it is a reward for long years of service, often undertaken with little public recognition. Tom Sawyer has toiled away in the backrooms of the Labour Party; Christopher Haskins has run a company, Northern Foods, which backed Labour long before it became fashionable. Peta Buscombe has grappled with the daunting task of boosting the role of women in the Conservative Party. The four hundred Lib Dem have

laboured in the salt mines of party committees and low-key pressure groups.

The glamour names have plenty of appeal, too. Waheed Alli is an inspired choice: aged just 33, Asian and gay, he takes three steps at once toward breaking the caricature of the Lords as a retirement home for middle-aged, white, straight men. Melvyn Bragg will be an equally invigorating addition, bringing experience and knowledge as a novelist and broadcaster, an accomplished TV executive and, in recent years, an advocate of popular science. Norman Lamont has at last won the plaudits he has so publicly craved; watching him needle former Tory Party colleagues will at least provide an interesting spectator sport for regulars in the Lords' public gallery. Tim Bell's florid career and personal history will add an extra splash of colour: he's likely to be embraced by some of the more fast-living hereditaries, who will recognise in him and his legendary appetites one of their own.

Still it's hard to celebrate completely. This newspaper has made no secret of its dislike for the present House of Lords. We find it almost incredible that, on the eve of the 21st century, hereditary peers still have a role in one half of Britain's legislature. The fact that the rest are peers selected on the nod of prime ministerial favour provides little comfort. A House of Aristocrats is indefin-

able, a House of Patronage not much better, yet today's House of Lords is a combination of the two. Our preference is for a second chamber selected by democracy's way: by direct election (with perhaps an extra appointment mechanism for the inclusion of some non-politicians).

Labour's 18 new peers should do all they can to make sure that goal is realised. They should be among the loudest advocates of reform, demanding not just the Government's Stage One interim plan — the removal of hereditary voting rights — but the more enigmatic Stage Two, which will mould the final shape of Britain's upper house. This will require some brave, even selfless thinking. For example, if the second chamber becomes a fully elected body, what happens to the current group of life peers? Will they retain their seats in an otherwise elected house? Or will they automatically make up the appointed third advocated by some reformers? Will they be allowed to keep their titles? These will be tough questions for the newest members of the club, those just getting used to the way an ancient robe fits on their shoulders, and the pleasures of a one-word signature.

Tough, but the newcomers are joining an institution just as its legitimacy is under question. They cannot simply insist that emerald will not change them, that they still

want to be called by their first name. They have to prove that the old cliché — the one which says the best way to change an institution is from the inside — is not just a handy cover for the abandonment of principle, but a genuine strategy. We will watch them closely — and we wish them luck.

A brief too far

Neill has a conflict of interest

LORD Neill, the Government's watchdog on public ethics, was sucked into a serious ethical conflict of his own making yesterday. The more the watchdog wriggled, the worse he looked. Instead of immediately acknowledging his serious misjudgment in deciding to defend Dame Shirley Porter in her appeal against a £27 million surcharge, the watchdog purported to have no other choice. He produced the hoary old "cab rank" excuse — the Bar Council rule that barristers should accept the first case offered to them. It is a rule that senior barristers easily ignore by claiming to be too busy. For a barrister who is chairman of the Committee of Standards in Public Life that would have been simple enough. He is steeped, at present, in hearing evidence on party funding before producing a report. But, even if

free, he should have gone one further and declared he was no longer a normal taxi-driver. Once having accepted the job of ethical watchdog, which allows him to claim £500 a day, he can no longer be a taxi-driver available to all. Defending a millionaire, charged with wrongful council house sales, is off limits. Any conflict between his professional and public roles must be avoided. If he seriously believed conflict was unavoidable, he should not have accepted the job. It is as wrong for him to defend Dame Shirley, as it would have been for his predecessor, Lord Nolan, to sit on the bench to hear the appeal.

It was an astute move by Dame Shirley's defence team to invite Lord Neill to defend her, the poacher asking the gamekeeper to conduct the defence. But he should not have fallen into the trap. Even the man in the street, let alone a former Warden of All Souls, could have seen the conflict of interest. The idea of the ethical watchdog standing up to defend possibly the biggest breach of ethical standards in local government this century is absurd. Local government remains a crucial part of Lord Neill's remit. Instead of dutifully defending Neill, Downing Street should take him to one side and remind him of his committee's seven principles of public life, particularly the first three: selflessness, integrity, objectivity.

Letters to the Editor

Now let's do the worst...

FURTHER to Barrie Reader's letter (June 16) on your list of best films. How could anyone omit such masterpieces by Alfred Hitchcock, perhaps the greatest director of all time, as *The 39 Steps*, *The Lady Vanishes*, *Rebecca*, *Notorious*, *Dial M for Murder*, *Rear Window*, and *North by Northwest*? Ian Stirling, London.

HOW interesting that someone should put forward *Educating Rita* as one of the films of the century. A friend who caught it belatedly told us in shocked tones it was possibly the worst film ever made. My candidate — indeed for worst of any kind — would be *Lost Horizon*. The Musical. Any other suggestions? George Schlesinger, Durham.

POS Coward (Women, G2, June 16) points out that in the EU only Ireland does not levy VAT on women's sanitary protection. In the 1970s as a shadow spokesman, I moved an amendment to the Finance Bill to relieve these products from VAT. The Conservative minister in charge, totally confused and vaguely embarrassed, hurried, "Why can't they use soap?" and all his fellow Tories voted against. John Garrett, Norwich.

IF we're reviving the old VAT on tampons debate, razor blades might also be considered — they're essential and cost a bloody fortune. Unless, of course, Britain's women would prefer hugely bearded men all over the place. Phil Wolstenholme, Sheffield.

DOESN'T the inclusion of ordinary people like nurses and roadworkers make a mockery of our Honours List and belittle the achievements of highly paid celebrities from showbiz and sport? Jim Toal, Liverpool.

Counsel for the arts

THE graphic with Dan Glaster's analysis of the Arts Council (June 18) omits the crucial central figure of the chief executive. In the new structure he has been given inordinate powers, being the sole channel through which the concerns of the arts professionals will be put before the council. He will be gatekeeper, filter and censor. There is a problem for any chairman who arrives without a background in this business. In 30 years of Arts Council watching, time and again I've seen the paid administrators get in the way of the artists. Present inefficiency is the result of bureaucracies set up by previous chief executives to service escalating initiatives. But a chairman who has no background needs his advisers and the new council is most curious in its mix of the new and old. The new chairman may have called in cultural crumple and political correctness to pretty up the suits from the old guard, but they will have precious little technique to trip up this kind of expert footwork. Natalie Wheen, London.

THE impact of Gerry Robinson's overhaul of the Arts Council will be short-lived. The problems that beset arts

funding stem from a natural growth and diversification within the arts world and changes in the public perception of what constitutes "art". The notion that public subsidy exists purely to enable the "masses" to have access to "high art" is an oversimplification of the complex web of relationships between artists, the public and funders. Yet this outworn tenet is the only one which is churned out in the meagre and superficial public debate about the arts. What the Arts Council, in conjunction with the Department of Culture, should be doing is leading an intelligent debate about the role of the arts in the Britain. Instead we have another reshuffling of the funding bureaucracy. Rachel Gibson, Freelance Arts Manager, London.

NEITHER Dan Glaster nor Joan Bakewell (Dump the Arts Council, June 18) is wholly right. The principal failure of the last 50 years is that the Arts Council is funded, responding to artists and arts organisations, largely ignoring its chartered object about access to the arts. So we have no strategy for access to the arts, no formal relationship with the local authorities, no policies intended

to serve all parts of the community. For decades the council turned away applicants from amateur and participatory organisations, and gave least emphasis to community-orientated arts.

But you cannot blame Arts Council staff for the lack of policy from Government and direction from the Council. Now we have a Government that appears to believe arts funding should subsidise the arts to reach people. So Gerry Robinson is right to be restructuring, but he needs to understand what a genuine commitment to access means if he is to replace Roger Tomlinson, Chairman, Arts Marketing Association, Cambridge.

I WAS intrigued to find Joan Bakewell giving credence to Ruskin's notion, quoted in *Rebecca Tomlinson*, that daily involvement in the arts ennobles the soul. Art is both flawed and sublime, like the human beings who create it. Consider Victor Cousin in his Sorbonne lecture in 1818, *De l'art, du beau, du bien*, to set against Ruskin. "The beautiful cannot be the way to what is useful, or to what is good, or to what is holy; it leads only to itself." John Butt, Exeter.



Stick to the veg and stay on top

WITH UK licensing imminent, and possible NHS availability, *Viagra* looks set for world domination. This does not need to be the case. Vegetarians have long had a secret weapon in their kitchen: tofu and veggie. Meat-eating can lead to cancer and heart disease but studies show that vegetarians have lower rates of impotence, because meat clogs up the arteries to all your organs, not

just your heart. And what better way to show your love for animals on factory farms — which spend their lives in overcrowded stalls, cages or crates, deprived of exercise, sunlight or grass under their feet. So don't reach for those pills — grab a veggie burger instead, and eat your way to a hotter libido. Andrew Butler, London.

Vote for PR

HUGO Young (Blair may ask the people to destroy the system that put him in power, June 18) rightly points out that the key element in electoral reform is the attitude of the people. He seems to doubt they will agree to change the electoral system that gave them the "most popular leader the British can remember".

Recent polling for Make Votes Count shows that people's appetite for change has not been sated by the general election and 72 per cent would support electoral reform. Even after hearing arguments for first-past-the-post, 57 per cent favoured reform. People see electoral reform as a means of making their votes count, and making politicians work together to deliver their promises. Stephen Twigg MP, Chair, Labour Campaign for Electoral Reform.

Having Nunn of it

IT IS quite wrong to allege that I refused to stage a new play by Tariq Ali and Howard Brenton (Arts diary, June 18). The play does not exist as far as I am aware, I merely declined the commission. The same anonymous writer goes on to allege that the National accepted *Brassed Off* from Sheffield sight unseen. In fact it was seen by a number of National Theatre representatives, including myself. Time will tell whose judgment is right concerning Terry Johnson's new play, though Tony Sher and I have given our names to our belief, unlike the anonymous journalist, who decided it safe in the knowledge no one will ever know who blew the raspberry. By the way I have no title, plain Mr is all I require. Trevor Nunn, Director, Royal National Theatre, London.

How Swiss refused to roll over for Hitler's henchmen

THE second report by Alan Schom for the Simon Wiesenthal Centre in Los Angeles has just appeared. The first Schom report in January thoroughly discredited its author. By likening Swiss wartime refugee camps to Nazi concentration camps, it invoked the condemnation of ageing residents of those Swiss camps (both Jews and gentiles).

Now Schom's follow-up report paints the Swiss government as willing handmaidens of Hitler and his henchmen. Nothing could be more insulting or further from the truth. The Swiss Federal Council, parliament, and most important of all, the Swiss people, rejected Nazism decisively.

The fall of France in 1940 left Switzerland completely surrounded by the Axis powers. Swiss public opinion hardened against the Third Reich, prompting even Joseph Goebbels to note gloomily in his diary in August 1941: "I have received a report from Switzerland. The mood there is still heavily in favour of England."

The anti-semitism of Justice Minister Von Steiger and his police chief, Heinrich Rothmund, cannot be denied. But even excerpts cited by Schom to document Von Steiger's hostility to Jews make clear that his hard-line policies lacked political backing. The sweeping Schom statement that all seven members of the Swiss wartime federal

council were Nazi sympathisers and anti-semitic totally lacks credibility. Federal council wartime decrees cracked down on Nazi front groups. By 1941 German foreign minister press spokesman Paul Schmidt summed up the official reaction in a memo. It noted that "The Federal Council described Switzerland as having the most repugnant people and the most lamentable form of state. The Swiss are mortal enemies of the new Germany."

It should also be noted that, at the time, the federal council introduced new decrees on spying and treason. From 1939 to 1945 the Swiss federal police arrested nearly 1,400 people on a wide range of national security related charges — some punishable by death. The cantons seized another 1,600 suspects, and nearly 400 faced charges before federal civilian courts on military, political, and economic espionage.

Courts martial convicted a total of 478 people during the war years. A total of 33 (27 of them Swiss) were sentenced to death, and 17 were executed between November 1942 and December 1944. The courts handed down 15 death sentences in absentia, and they commuted one to life imprisonment. Practically all of these cases concerned those who had worked for Germany. Thomas G Borer, Embassy of Switzerland, London.

Jersey uncowed

ASTIN Mitchell should know that his claim that Jersey has been reluctant to incorporate the Human Rights Convention into island law (Power of persuasion, June 17) is not true — because the Home Secretary told him so in the House of Commons on June 3.

Mr Straw pointed out that six years ago Jersey proposed to the Government that the island should enact legisla-

tion. But as he told Mr Mitchell: "The island's Attorney General was informed by officials that the Home Office did not favour the island acting in advance of the UK."

Now that the UK Bill is proceeding through the Commons, we have reaffirmed our previous intention to introduce the necessary legislation in Jersey. Senator P F Horsfall, Jersey.

Please include a full postal address, even with e-mails.

In one bound, Australia's rancid right becomes a political force with the power to scare

Oz on trial

Martin Woollacott



AUSTRALIANS like those here in Queensland cherish an image of themselves as battlers, ordinary folk struggling against the odds, hard-working and hard-pressed. Those who live in the countryside, on farms and in small towns, occupy a land whose limitations they have painfully learned and which, through drought, flood, and fire, issues constant reminders of their vulnerability.

As the rural population shrinks, farms lie vacant, services dwindle, and cost-cut-

ting governments pay less and less attention, life in the bush gets harder still. Australian country people are appealing in their downiness and resilience. But, almost without knowing what they were doing, they have just altered the Australian political landscape for the worse.

The worldwide struggle between city and country has ended in a victory which is so nearly complete that the perils of rural protest seem always to take urban society by surprise. Whether it is French farmers tipping cauliflowerers on the roads, English villagers marching to London to demonstrate against a ban on hunting, or Vietnamese peasants attacking workers laying out golf courses for Japanese tourists, such protest is usually important, may well be dangerous, and is almost always an indication of a government failing to do its job.

The success of Pauline Hanson's One Nation Party in Queensland is a case where rural discontent has been translated into a political movement that has over-

whelmed everybody, including its authors. In a trice a party which combines normal country complaints about government with an insouciant racism and an unrealistic economic nationalism has sprung into being.

One minute there was one temperate woman, the next there was a substantial political force, critically important in one state and ready to speak grandly of its federal objectives in all of Australia. The story is the not unusual one of desperate conservatives playing with fire, as some have done recently in Europe, but the serene foolishness of the Australian politicians is not easily matched elsewhere.

The temptation which seduced the two conservative parties, the National Party and the Liberals, was the preferential vote, which lets citizens split their ticket.

The Queensland conservatives, with most of their federal colleagues in the national government staying carefully mute, advised those who voted for them in the recent state elections to use their optional preference votes to support the One Nation Party. Until opinion polls showed them their mistake, they imagined that by so doing they would keep down the vote for Labour without giving One Nation anything like the number of seats they have actually gained.

No third party, with one trivial exception, has ever in modern times got members into any lower house, state or federal. But the Queensland right had misread the times. Their tactic was like a sowing of dragons' teeth. The result was a clutch of seats for One Nation, who took seats from all three established parties, particularly the National Party, and a line-up of members that could produce either a Labour government or a government of the right, if the two mainstream parties get into bed with the One Nation Party, accepting its support and modifying policies so as to stay in power.

Whether that happens or not, One Nation will bugle the next election, and might emerge from it with serious leverage over the fed-

eral conservative parties. If it does so, it will bring back into Australia all the elements of irrationality and of racial nastiness, with its hostility to Aborigines and Asians, which were thought to have been long ago purged.

The whole future of Australian conservatism could be at stake. A deal with One Nation in Queensland could split the coalition between the Liberal and National parties at the federal level and drive out the saner part of the National Party as well.

If it did not, both conservative parties would be tarred with the same One Nation brush. That may be why a number of federal Liberal and National politicians are hoping that the Queensland Labour Party, by winning over one Independent, will take power before any deal is struck on the right. It would save them from bad choices and deep quarrels.

Multiracial, multicultural Australia, which goes back to Gough Whitlam, was thought to be so solidly established that no regression was possible. That Australia, nervously broaching the subject of One Nation at dinner parties, is now involved in the process of sorting itself out into two groups.

As one liberal Australian put it: "You are worried that some good friend of yours will utter the dread sentiment that some of what Pauline says makes sense."

You already expect, if you are an educated Australian of the academic, professional, or business elite, that your green grocer or taxi driver may well tell you the same thing. Among the politically aware, there are those who think there is indeed sense as well as nonsense in the One Nation message or, at least, a great deal with which to empathise in the plight of those who voted for it.

On the other there are those who believe that One Nation is nothing more or less than proto-fascist, could infect the whole of the Australian right, and must be repudiated utterly. The other important question is whether One Nation, with its hazy leader and hazy

ideas, may collapse, as many a protest party has done before it. The party's incoherence muddies the argument. Its policies are inconsistent. It is penetrated by extremists, like the militias and followers of the most racist of American rightwingers, but it has also expelled some of them. According to the Queensland University political scientist Paul Reynolds, it has the widest spread of different occupations among its candidates of any Queensland party, a sign of strength in the community.

Some of those who stood for it are seen as decent people, even by their political opponents. Those who voted for it, everybody admits, have genuine grievances. The One Nation phenomenon obviously belongs to a family of movements, often from a far right platform, in many countries. It may also count as the first political effect of the Asian economic crisis outside of the epicentre. Although One Nation spokesmen repudiate the idea that the Asian crisis

has anything to do with their success, it has shifted the balance of argument. A successful Asia to which Australia was thrivaly connected was one thing. A failing Asia which is pulling down Australia and its currency is another.

The distinction between the unhappiness of the countryside and that of the blighted areas of cities in many countries is a fine one. But the special characteristic of rural protest is that it may, more easily than protest in the cities, unite different groups and classes around an idea of what is traditional and around the principle that the virtues of country life are basic to the life of the nation.

Australia has long been a society more urban than rural, but it left its heart in that hard back country far from the ports which became its capital cities. Those who have championed the two great shifts in modern Australian society, its multicultural reorientation and its economic deregulation, may now feel some guilt, and some fear, at having left this older, saddened Australia behind.

saturday

These matry times are for both date rape and Discomfort of strange

Mark Lawson



When I was a child, I was told that the world was a very strange place. I was told that the world was a very strange place. I was told that the world was a very strange place.

G... I was told that the world was a very strange place. I was told that the world was a very strange place. I was told that the world was a very strange place.

make it big and you get agent, lawyer, publicist - and also agony in an anorak

any ignoring here the notion of false accusation and the reasons behind the cases. I have been a victim of a false accusation. I have been a victim of a false accusation.

Some in America regard the lengthy sentence given to Spielberg as a case of reverse-OJ. A case where the victim is being persecuted by the accused. I have been a victim of a false accusation. I have been a victim of a false accusation.

صلى الله عليه وسلم

Saturday opinion

These matey times are to blame for both date rape and stalking

Discomfort of strangers

Mark Lawson

WHEN novelists, movie-makers and think-tank pamphleteers of the last 50 years tried to imagine society in the late 1990s, they usually predicted that the biggest threat to the citizen would be random violence. The old brutally reassuring police line — that most murder victims were killed by those they knew — was expected to become another nostalgic measure of a lost England. Stranger danger would be the crime of the century. Recent reports suggest, however, that this assumption is misplaced. It's not true that the threat will come from those who won't know or care who you are. The increasing risk is deadly affection. There is no such thing as a safe hitch.

The US Justice Department has just revealed that around 1.5 million non-celebrity Americans (two thirds of them women) are suffering the unwelcome attention of "stalkers", generally people whom they have met socially or professionally who refuse to let go of the goodby handshake. In Britain — where legislation was recently introduced to deal with stalking — much publicity was given this week to a rise in cases of "date rape" or "acquaintance rape", in which a woman is sexually assaulted by a friend or colleague.

Although different in their dynamics, there is overlap between these crimes: many stalkers desire or threaten sex with their targets, many date-rapeists have in effect been stalking their prey. And both menaces result from a misreading of signals, a false assumption of intimacy with another person. We need to ask why it is that we live in an age in which so many adults are playing imaginary friends or lovers. (I am deli-

mobile, so the undesired admirer is an inevitable result of the creation of fame. Celebrity happens through making connections with strangers. And, to encourage this, the language of publicity borrows the vocabulary of intimacy. In glossy magazines, stars "invite you into their home" or "share their secrets". Their fan clubs send out "personal messages". Modern technology further encourages the illusion of familiarity. The rise of the phone-in allows unknowns to speak directly to superstars on Larry King Live and other outlets. Your hero will use your first name and thank you for calling. In an increasingly competitive media market, the instruction most often given to broadcasters and journalists is to "connect" with their audience through letters, phone-ins, competitions, repeated use of the word "you". Newspapers and networks can frequently seem to be engaged in a contest of false friendliness.

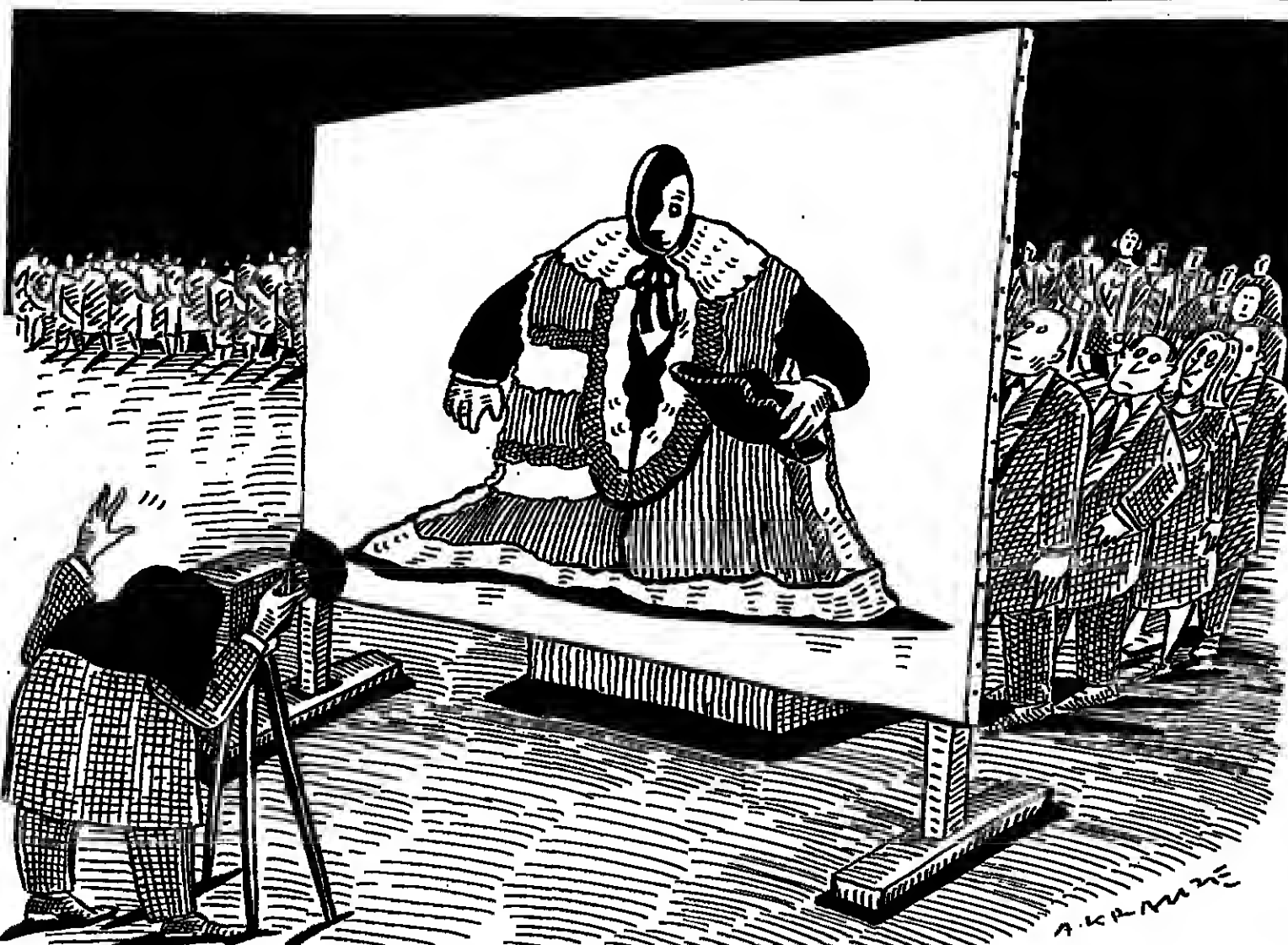
GIVEN this love-you culture, is it really surprising that a number of consumers — their judgment affected by loneliness or other problems — start to think these people really are their friends? That they can call back after the phone-in or be invited into the beautiful home in a more literal sense? And yet most of the victims of stalking — and virtually all of those who suffer date rape — are not celebrities. They have never shown their sofas in Hello or told a caller from Ohio what a good question they've asked. How can they be accused of having sent false signals?

The biggest cause of the rise in cases of enforced intimacy is the shift in professional and domestic arrangements. Relative equality of employment has maximised the possibility of encounters between men and women and therefore the potential for misunderstandings. Similarly, sexual liberation and the divorce rate have increased the average person's supply of ex-partners. This was rightly expanded to what was described in a different context as the "constituency of the rejected". And rejection is a significant factor in both stalking and date-rape.

But another significant factor is an everyday version of the false celebrity friendliness described above. If people increasingly overstep the boundaries, then this must be in part because the lines have ceased to be visible. In a world in which one way or another everyone is to be thought snobbish, or stand-offish or cold — careers in politics and elsewhere have foundered on these charges — it is inevitable that reflex friendliness may be misinterpreted. At this level, the grey from Idaho who thinks Nicole Kidman gave him a special smile from the television is no different from the colleague who mistakes the amiability or pity of a woman for desire.

Also, certainly in the case of stalking, the climate of social niceness is assisted by the access culture. The rise in databases and the spread of the Internet have made it easier to invade a person's privacy than ever before. Most people have had the queasy experience of their home address being read back to them by a salesperson in exchange for their post code.

Even after the names of English football hooligans became public in France this week, newspapers were printing details of their lives, homes and entire personal histories. Imagine then how easily an obsessive can find the home and even favoured shops of those they target. I am not calling for a return to strict professional hierarchies, however hats and elaborately formal conversation, but merely noting another example of the way in which positive social developments can have unforeseen negative effects. The death of deference has proved deadly for some. It is unsurprising that modern culture should be suffering from the problem of people who think they are friends or lovers when they're not. Stalking and date rape are the social consequences of a matey age.



One for him...

Catherine Bennett

TO EVERYTHING, the Book of Ecclesiastes teaches, there is a season. "A time to weep, and a time to laugh; a time to mourn, and a time to dance; a time to cast away stones, and a time to gather stones together." Equally, as Lord Bragg shows us, there is a

time to be a democrat, and a time to be a peerage. A time to rebuke Chris Smith, and a time to pat him on his curly little head. There is a time to be plain Melvyn, and a time to be Lord Bragg of Buttermere.

Not so long ago, a full set of democratic credentials were foremost among Lord Bragg's considerable charms. In 1988, the omnipresent novelist, presenter and television executive was one of the first celebrities to sign up to Charter 88, an imperiously worded demand for democracy. "The time has come to demand political, civil and human rights in the United Kingdom," proclaimed the 348 firebrands. "The first step is to establish them in constitutional form, so that they are no longer subject to the arbitrary dictat of Westminster and Whitehall."

Naturally, reform of the Lords — "to establish a democratic, non-hereditary second chamber", was among the signatories' immediate requirements, along with a bill of rights and "open government". The radicals promptly received the compliment of a boiling tureen from John Patten (whom older readers may remember as a Conservative minister), denouncing them "as phoney self-seeking losers". Patten — that genuine, self-negating survivor — has since been emboldened, and gives his address in Who's Who as the House of Lords.

Until recently, Lord Bragg seemed unlikely to join Lord Patten and his fellow booties. I know, because in 1996, when I asked a few prominent democrats if they would accept a peerage, the then Mr Bragg gave this firm and exemplary answer. He would accept a peerage, he said, but "only on condition that it was to be part of the House of Lords that abolished the House of Lords". If offered a peerage, he added, he would expect a deadline for full reform. "A couple of years or something, also with the proviso that when you chanced it in you were not called Lord or senator or anything." There seemed no reason to disbelieve him. Around the same time, Bragg was also hinting that he craved something beyond earthly reward — "the idea of success is genuinely meaningless", he told Nicci Gerrard.

So, when others spotted hints of imminent preferment, such as Bragg's recent defence of Chris Smith, I insisted on Bragg's innocence. If he was, indeed, softening up, it must be a cunning plan; to bring about the offer of a peerage which could then be ostentatiously declined. Instead, Bragg has joined his fellow Charter 88 signatory, the radical Baroness Helena Kennedy, in the Lords. His name graces the same list as Lord Norman Lamont's and Lord Tim Bell's.

Bragg told me he would never become a Lord unless there was a deadline to abolish them all. And I believed him

And one for me

Lord Engel of Hereford

IT HAS been the most extraordinary epiphany. The past week has been spent just getting used to the knighthood. Congratulations have been coming in; by mid-week I had acquired precisely the right note of firmness and gentle self-deprecation to deal with anyone who got the form of address wrong; and a certain amount of time obviously had to be spent ringing round particularly busy and snooty restaurants demanding tables at short notice.

Then suddenly came this latest news. It was lucky the print shop had been a bit slow on the letterheads and was able to change the order without extra charge: "delete Sir Matthew Engel, make that Baron Engel of Hereford".

It is very different. The knighthood enables one to acknowledge all the syllables of one's given name. A peerage is curiously depersonalising. Who, after all, could ever tell the difference between Lord Mackay of Clashfern and Lord Mackay of Drumdoon? What on earth does Lord Archer of Tipton do when mistaken for Lord Archer of Weston-super-Mare? (Sue, probably.) What happens when Lord Young of Dartington, Lord Young of Grafton and Lord Young of Old Scone break bread together? Lord Engel might sound like Lloyd

Engel down the phone to a restaurant. In a funny way, a knighthood might even be just a little, well, nobler.

On the other hand, a knighthood does not convey the right to pop into an extremely grand London club, make sonorous pronouncements on the nation's affairs and trouser £138 a day pocket money in the process.

There is, of course, a danger that after a term or two of this Government, for a chap of middle years, fashionable light pink opinions and a comfortable position in society, it may well be more stylish and unusual not to have any kind of title at all.

And there is a particular problem with my own awards in that — either through security reasons or clerical error — they have not been appearing on the lengthy lists which now emanate from Downing Street every Friday. This has led some people to suggest they might somehow be less "real" than the honours being handed out to so many others. Honi Soit Qui Mal Y Pense, I say to them. Tell me where reality ends and unreality begins.

Take the piece in Tuesday's Daily Mail by Lord Blake who, as Robert Blake, was a famous historian. He has been in the Lords for 27 years, a creation of the Heath government. The effect has not been beneficial. The article, headlined "This cynical abuse of the honours list", was, I have to tell you, written in a tone of Grade A pomposity not used in British public life since Maryn Griffith-Jones QC tried to get Lady Chatterley's Lover banned on the grounds that one's servants might read it.

Lord Blake was arguing against the peerage awarded yesterday to Waheed Alli ("he apparently made his fortune in youth television... Mr Alli has as yet made no particular contribution to our nation's cultural or educational life"). Lord Blake dismissed the whole matter in a tone of voice that suggested Mr Alli, who is gay and Asian as well as young, rich and to do with the telly, had applied to join him in Pratt's Club. Perhaps he has.

And Lord Blake is obviously so grand that he seems to have missed the most startling fact of this week's cascade of honours: the fact that the Government is content to hand out knighthoods purely for the sake of a solitary morning's headlines.

Take Geoff Hurst. He has always seemed like a nice bloke to me; it seems cruel that he should become the victim of a publicity stunt which even by this government's standards is particularly cynical and unsuitable.

It does not require the dramatic imagination of, say, Sir Ronald Miller or Sir William Shakespeare (note to sub-editors: one of these playwrights may not have been knighted, please check) to reconstruct the conversation that must have taken place at No. 10. In this playlet, the parts of the Prime Minister and his spokesman, Alastair Campbell, are interchangeable.

"We'd better knight someone as a stunt for the World Cup. Hoddler!" "Can't do that till he's won!" "Gazza?" "I don't think so."

"What about someone from 1966? Too late for Bobby Moore, dammit. Charlton's been done. Banks, Cohen, Wilson, Stiles..." "Sir North? Don't be stupid!" "Ball, Peters..." "Ten years too soon..." "Hunt, Hurst..." "That's it. Sir Geoffrey Hurst. Sir Hat-trick. Brilliant. We'll get every front page."

Look at the other names and then tell me where unreality begins

Bragg told me he would never become a Lord unless there was a deadline to abolish them all. And I believed him

Make it big and you get agent, lawyer, publicist — and also a guy in an anorak

erately ignoring here the question of false accusation and dealing with the reasons behind legitimate cases.) Shortly after the Justice Department drew attention to the silent majority of unknown stalking victims, there was a harassment case of a more publicised kind. On Wednesday, a 31-year-old failed actor was jailed for a minimum of 35 years in Los Angeles for obsessively contacting the film director Steven Spielberg. The man's admiration turned to hostility after refusal — a frequent pattern in such cases — until he proudly announced plans to rape Spielberg in front of the director's wife and family.

SOME in America regard the lengthy sentences given to Spielberg's stalker as a case of those who make celebrities their victims being treated differently by the courts. Alternatively, the harsh penalty may be seen as a deterrent. It seems unlikely to work. In America these days, a stalker is part of the celebrity entourage. You make it big and you get an agent, a lawyer, a publicist and a snap-eyed guy in an anorak pasting your photos to the wall of his trailer.

Whatever sympathy there may be for Spielberg and others, the phenomenon of celebrity stalking is easy to understand. The mental processes of the stalker, although illegal and unpleasant, are in one sense logical. Just as the occurrence of car theft is a direct consequence of the invention of the auto-

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Closing 80s Essex gin plant Closing Dumbarton distillery For sale Distillers House

Diageo to axe 850 UK jobs

Lisa Buckingham
City Editor

DIAGEO, the drinks group created from the merger of Guinness and Grand Metropolitan, yesterday axed another 850 UK jobs and is expected to sack 1,000 overseas workers before the end of the year.

The moves are part of a £200 million a year cost saving target which the company promised shareholders at the time of last year's merger.

The group, whose businesses also include Burger King, Pillsbury and Guinness brewing — has already

targeted several hundred jobs which will be cut by merging the London head offices of the two companies.

Although the scale of the cuts had been signalled at the time of the merger, the group looks likely to cause anger in Scotland for daring to put Distillers House in Edinburgh on the market — the prestige offices which replaced the controversial Guinness takeover.

Reports have suggested that the rival Scottish & Newcastle, which has lost its head office to the new Scottish parliament, planned to bid.

A spokesman for Diageo, which is by far the largest drinks group in the world, said the company had decided

it needed only three of its five British distilleries and would be closing the Gordon's Gin plant at Leiston in Essex which was built in the early 1980s and which also produces Pimm's and Tanqueray, the strong upmarket gin. The other production plant to go will be the Strathleven distillery in Dumbarton where the group makes J & B Scotch and Smirnoff vodka.

Although the plants have been identified they will not be closed for more than a year and Diageo believes there is a chance that another distiller or soft drinks company will buy the Essex operation.

The drinks group will transfer UK production of all

its spirits to three plants in Scotland — at Glasgow, Kilmarnock, which bottles Johnnie Walker, and Fife — which will be given £50 million of investment to expand their capacity.

The group still has about 1,000 redundancies to declare but these are in the 52 overseas operating territories where the two companies had overlapping businesses, the spokesman said.

The cost of the sackings to the group — which is rumoured to be in the running to buy the B&S business — will be about £300 million. But that will mop up less than a third of what the group raised in a surprisingly high

rolling auction for its Dewar's whisky and Bombay Sapphire gin brands.

Bacardi, the family-run Bermuda-based rum business, was prepared to pay \$1.1 billion for the brands which Diageo was forced to sell in order to win approval for its merger from American and European authorities.

The redundancy charge comes at a time when Diageo's earnings are being undermined by the strong pound and when spirits sales in the Far East, particularly Japan and China, are being crushed by the impact of the Asian economic crisis.

John McFall, MP for Dumbarton, said closure of the

Scottish plant and the sackings were "outrageous". The jobs will disappear by the end of 2000, even though the staff produced 13 million cases of spirits last year.

Diageo said it was closing the least efficient of its production sites. Scottish Office minister Brian Wilson claimed the delayed closure at least gave time "to work hard at ensuring that replacement jobs are established well in advance of that date".

He said that the overall outcome of Diageo's jobs review had been good for Scotland, with greater investment and more jobs at the three remaining plants in the country.

Tokyo Notebook

China plays the US card



Alex Brummer

IF YOU thought that the high-profile Federal Reserve intervention to bolster the yen this week was about assisting Japan then think again.

The US economy is strong enough and the demand for US government bonds almost certainly robust enough for the Clinton administration to deal with the larger current account deficit which arises from the strong dollar.

There is absolutely no evidence that the US Treasury — as a prelude to the move on renminbi bond rates the Chinese central bank already has cut dollar deposit and lending rates inside China to 4.375 per cent from 5 per cent in a move to prevent individual holders of the currency switching into higher dollar rates on the black market.

The determination of Hong Kong to hold firm has cost it dearly: its equity and real estate markets have tumbled and in the first quarter of the 1998 the Hong Kong economy slowed down.

With many of the East Asian economies now able to undercut China in global markets it is becoming increasingly concerned that if a yen devaluation was not seen off there was a risk that it would spark a series of other competitive devaluations. This would risk China's own economic renaissance, exposing, as it has in Japan, the fundamental weaknesses in its banking system.

The degree of concern in Shanghai, China's financial centre, became clear overnight when the People's Bank of China signalled that it intends to cut official renminbi interest rates in an effort to keep its economy moving.

As a prelude to the move on renminbi bond rates the Chinese central bank already has cut dollar deposit and lending rates inside China to 4.375 per cent from 5 per cent in a move to prevent individual holders of the currency switching into higher dollar rates on the black market.

RAC go flat out for cash windfall

Julia Finch

MORE than 1,400 members of the Royal Automobile Club voted overwhelmingly in favour of receiving cash hand-outs of £25,000 each at Epsom Court yesterday.

The RAC's directors already had a huge majority of proxy votes in favour of selling its motoring services arm to the US Cendant group before the meeting. But after the final count 84 per cent of members had voted and 99.3 per cent of those had approved the deal. Only 74 of the RAC's 12,000 full members voted against.

But yesterday's meeting, held behind closed doors, was not without a hitch. Many members expressed discontent about the near-£11 million in bonus payments that the RAC's executive directors will get for clinching the deal. Member Richard Le Grand said: "I have serious concerns about the bonuses going to executive directors. Another said: "In my view it is all very irregular and over the top."

Others, however, thought the payments were trivial, one saying: "When you consider that Goldman Sachs chiefs are getting £50 million each, what our directors are getting is peanuts."

Inside the exhibition hall, according to one member, the directors told members that



New York lawyer Jonathan Steinberg, an overseas member who has filed a damages suit in the California and, below, members' widows

their pay-outs were "absolutely normal practice" and that they had struck "an amicable deal".

One member who was against the hand-out asked whether the £450 million from Cendant might be used to finance a new forest as a gesture towards countering the pollution caused by motor cars. He was informed that 10,000 members had voted for cash, not a new wood.

There was little sympathy

for the overseas and retired members and the widows of members, who have been denied a share of the cash. They include rock-to-classics disc jockey Paul Gambaccini, who described the full members attitude as "a new dimension of greed".

But a member entering the meeting said: "I don't think they deserve a penny. They have already had a huge benefit in the form of reduced fees. If you include them, where

would you stop. Everyone would want a share".

One overseas member yesterday filed a lawsuit in California claiming damages against the RAC for being excluded from the hand-out. Jonathan Steinberg, a New York attorney, said a Californian legal action was a promising development. The damages were higher, he explained, and they had more chance of finding a judge who would not sympathise with the RAC.



PHOTOGRAPHS: MARTIN GOODWIN

Good to talk for BT

Simon Beavis
Media Business Editor

SHARES in British Telecom bucked the trend of a falling stock market yesterday and rose sharply on renewed speculation that it was close to announcing an alliance with America's largest phone company AT&T.

The rumours were backed up by a "near" convinced that BT must soon find its way out of the strategic hole it has been in since it was beaten by WorldCom in its bid to buy MCI, America's second largest long-distance operator.

With most other shares on a slide yesterday, BT's managed to close up 5.5p to 700p, having hit a high for the day of 720p. But both companies refused to confirm or deny any imminent partnership.

Businessweek magazine has suggested that the two companies have reached a tentative agreement to pool their international businesses and other global services to multinational companies.

BT's existing business serving multinationals — Concert — is 25 per cent owned by MCI which will eventually sell its stake back to BT.

AT&T is involved in the Disource international alliance with Dutch, Swedish and Swiss carriers, which is largely regarded as ineffective. Analysts believe it would be easy for AT&T to disengage from Disource.

Whatever is agreed, BT remains stymied until WorldCom and MCI complete their \$37 billion (£22.2 billion) merger — at which point BT will receive \$7 billion for its 20 per cent stake in MCI, which could be as late as September. Until then, it is forbidden from completing any other US alliance.

PDFM sell-off decision imminent

Lisa Buckingham

THE future of controversial fund manager PDFM is expected to be decided at the end of the month at the first board meeting of its newly merged parent, United Bank of Switzerland.

PDFM, under its boss Tony Dye, is insisting that it will retain complete autonomy once its owner, United Bank of Switzerland, has merged with Swiss Bank Corporation.

UBS was yesterday said to have admitted it was considering putting up the business for sale.

Although PDFM has about \$65 billion of funds under

management and is ranked among the five largest fund managers in the country, the merger of its parent raises the likelihood that it will be integrated with the rest of the bank's asset-management operations under Gary Brinson.

Those who know the fiercely independent Mr Dye say that he would find it almost impossible to accept Mr Brinson as his boss.

Although PDFM's recent performance record has been poor because Mr Dye called the top of the market more than two years ago and missed out on most of the recent share-price bonanza, observers say PDFM would be worth little without him.

Paul Meredith of PDFM said the banking groups had taken "no decision which would affect our desire to operate autonomously".

He added that "whatever is decided it will not happen without the PDFM management's say-so".

Mr Meredith refused to say whether the board would discuss PDFM's future within the portfolio, although others close to UBS have admitted it will be on the agenda.

Even though PDFM's performance has led to concerns that it may lose some of its clients, the fund manager said PDFM will not be short of potential suitors, even if the asking-price does not

match the multiples commanded in recent deals.

Merrill Lynch, for example, paid three-times funds under management when it hid more than \$3 billion for Mercury Asset Management.

Rivals in the City have argued that the group's track record means that UBS might be lucky to command between 0.5 per cent and 1 per cent times the funds under management — or between £300 million and £600 million.

Delaying a sale and possibly allowing a culture clash between PDFM and Brinson to further deflect management's attention from investment business could further deplete the value.

Body Shop slips

Roger Cowe

BODY SHOP yesterday disclosed that sales were still falling in America and Asia. Gordon Roddick, Body Shop chairman, told shareholders that sales in the US had slumped 3 per cent during the first quarter, excluding the impact of new stores.

The hard-hit franchisees, who own 76 of the 230-strong chain, are suffering most. Sales in their stores are believed to be more than 5 per cent below last year's level, which in turn was lower than in 1996.

Sales in Asia have also fallen during the first quarter. Total sales were 6 per cent ahead of last year — but only because of new stores. Comparable stores have seen sales fall by 12 per cent.

Good results on the continent, in Canada and South America failed to compensate for the tough times elsewhere.

With sales in the UK flat, the group's overall performance was a drop of 1 per cent.

The company continues to press ahead with new openings, expanding the worldwide chain by 20 shops over the past three months.

At yesterday's annual general meeting, shareholders approved a scheme under which the American business becomes a joint venture with Adrian Bellamy, the cosmetics group's non-executive director, who is taking on the task of trying to turn it round.

From today he becomes chief executive in the US and has an option to acquire 51 per cent of the business if he manages to haul it back into profit over the next three years.

The group's new chief executive, Frenchman Patrick Goormann, will join next month.

Duchess's helicopter flies into turbulence

Dan Ackroff

BUDGIE the Little Helicopter, the Duchess of York's plucky chopper, flashed a Mayday signal yesterday as its owners sought a rescuer. The fictional film helped clock up £385,468 of losses for the Sleepy Kids animation company in 1997.

"We are currently in negotiations with another party with a view to combining our business interests to form an enlarged and more viable group," chairman Martin Powell said yesterday.

The mini-chopper has faced fearsome flying conditions recently. ITV failed last year to commission a new series and, in America, Rupert Murdoch's Fox network dropped it.

It was a different story in 1992, when the man who



Kid's corner

- Who owns what
- Thunderbirds (including Lady Penelope, right): Polygram
 - Bill and Ben the Flowerpot Men, Andy Pandy (left): Private consortium in partnership with Watch with Mother creator Freda Lingstrom
 - Thomas the Tank Engine: Britt Allcroft Company
 - Moody, Big Bear, Famous Five and The BFG: Ebury
 - observers and the Agatha Christie stories: Chilton
 - Postman Pat: Egmont
 - Books of Denmark (book rights), HIT Entertainment (video)
 - Paddling Bear, Muzzy Pig and The Wombles: Clarifans of Canada
 - Winnie-the-Pooh: Egmont Books (book rights)



redefined the phrase "handicapped adviser" — John Bryan — negotiated for Sleepy Kids to buy rights to Budgie, putting Sleepy Kids on the map.

Budgie was sold to 70 countries and nothing, it seemed, could stop the cheery chopper from becoming an airborne Thomas the Tank Engine.

But as the problems of

Sleepy Kids mounted last year it seemed to be losing faith in the idea that Budgie could pull the same trick for the company. Diversification became the name of the game, with a cartoon show called The Disguises, reportedly "a group of tough street kids... out to save the human race".

None of this, however,

sounded as cuddly as Budgie. And regardless of whether The Disguises managed to save humanity, they seem to have failed to save Sleepy Kids. Mr Powell cut his own pay by 64 per cent as Budgie lost height, but the losses grew.

Now it looks as if Budgie, the street kids, the Sleepy Kids and the funsters are all on the auction block.

News in brief

Studios ahoy for Big Apple

NEW YORK STUDIOS, a fledgling company set up by two entrepreneurs, is seeking finance to build the largest film and television studio outside Hollywood, on the site of the former Brooklyn Navy Yard.

Mayor Rudolph Giuliani has promised Gary Hart and Louis Madigan a lease to build the ambitious project provided they obtain financing of \$190 million (about £120 million) by December.

The project's chief financial adviser, J.P. Morgan, has approved corporate finance and Hollywood executives to cover the development costs.

Airbus boost

IBERIA, the Spanish national airline, yesterday boosted Airbus' hopes of matching arch-rival Boeing in global aircraft orders by signing an agree-

ment to order 50 new planes, with the option of acquiring a further 25.

The company said that it was the largest order placed by a European carrier. The new aircraft, mainly A320s, will replace older generation Boeing 727s and DC-9s on European and north African routes.

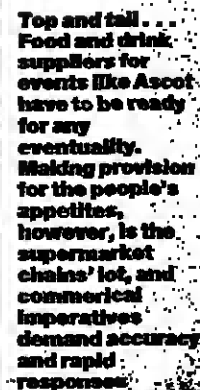
Golden goodbye

COURTAULDS gave former finance director Howard Evans a pay-off of more than £500,000 when he left last year after a reported disagreement over strategy.

The annual report, published yesterday, reveals that he received £310,000 as compensation for termination of his contract and £200,000 supplementary pension payment. Mr Evans had a two-year rolling contract which paid him £202,000 in his last year with the group, now being taken over by Dutch chemicals company Akzo Nobel.

TOURIST RATES — BANK SELLS			
Australia 2.566	Germany 2.508	Malaysia 6.52	Singapore 2.72
Austria 20.51	Greece 492.98	Mexico 0.935	South Africa 8.95
Belgium 60.15	Hong Kong 12.57	Netherlands 2.289	Spain 245.24
Canada 2.265	India 10.44	New Zealand 12.438	Sweden 12.438
Cyprus 0.955	Ireland 1.148	Norway 12.38	Switzerland 2.432
Denmark 11.17	Israel 6.14	Portugal 265.57	Turkey 421.000
Finland 8.943	Italy 2.881	Saudi Arabia 1.624	USA 1.624
France 9.758	Japan 1.624	Supplied by Reuters (excluding Russia, China and India)	

SS



Its analysis aims to help customers from supermarkets to motor component-makers to improve their inventory control, staff planning, raw material sourcing and, of course, sales.

The Met Office provides nearly 3,000 tailored forecasts every day, covering periods ranging from no more than six hours to forecasts for the next 100 years.

Sainsbury buys two forecasts, one covering two to five days ahead, the other for six to 10 days.

TWO summers ago, we seemed to have found it. We painted our faces in the colours of St George, we sang for "It's coming home, it's coming home," we chanted Robert Royle 95 – and we were just talking about froothall, the sense of national pride was strong – short of the ugly aspects of English nationalism. It was a patriotism free from skinheads and the racial front. And even the most wary liberal middle-class joined in.

The Blair rode the feeling, and so did Labour's coming home." It was to the 1996 party season. Political change was around the corner, fueling waves of optimism and self-belief, always crucial to patriotic talk of a New Britain, stirring a young country, struck a chord: maybe he might, maybe we would renew hope for the next millennium.

Even Cool
naughtiness
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squeezed
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هكذا من الاهل

Once upon a time Budge went looking for a very rich friend
Page 13

Arts

His name is 'I' and there was a time when he was a very rich friend. Page 20



Features

Adam Mars-Jones recalls how he used to be a homophobic teenager 17



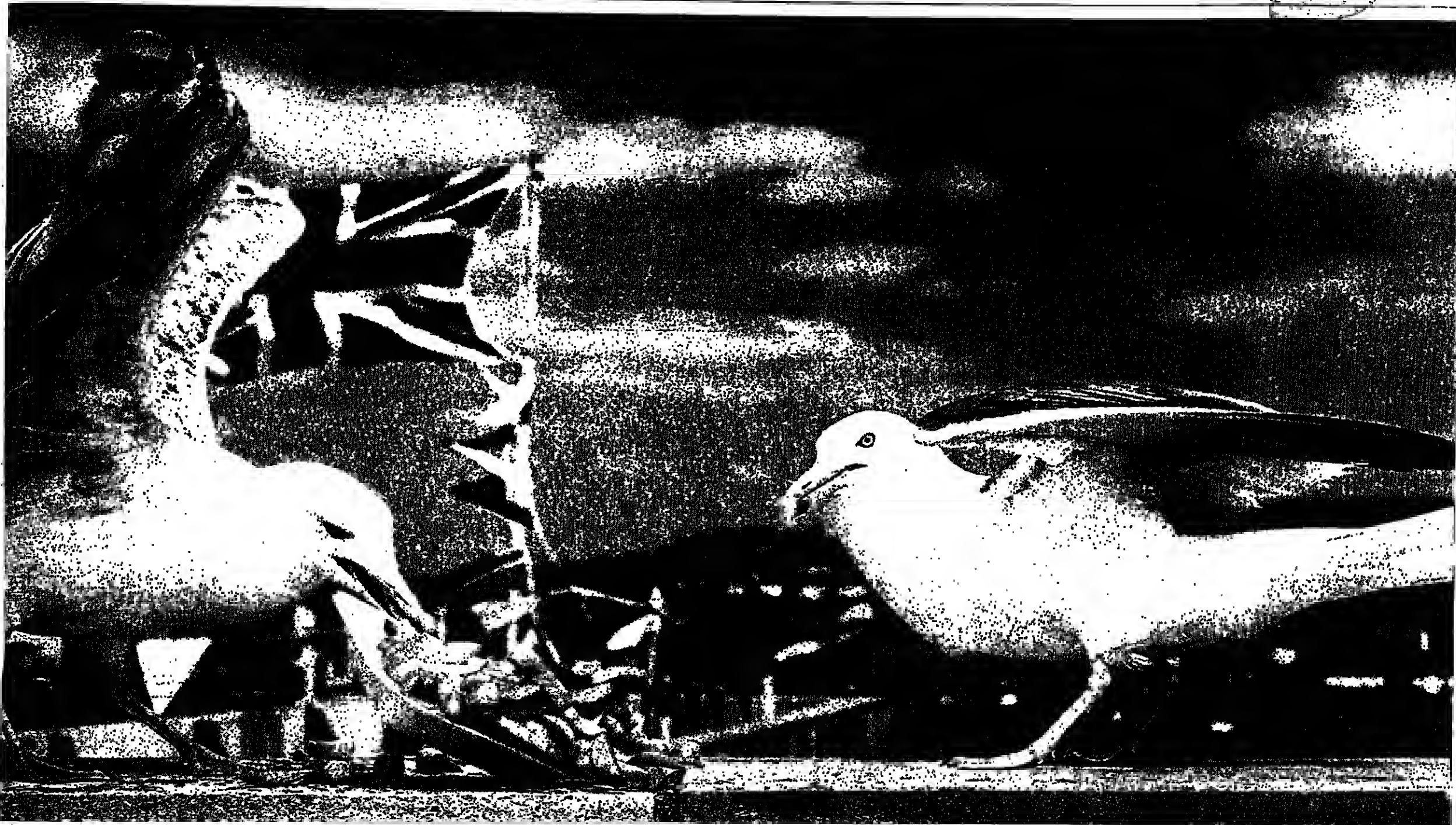
Books

Matthew Fagan on the tragic player who inspired his love of cricket 18



saturday

June 20 1998



After the thuggery, can the left find a new patriotism? Jonathan Freedland says yes England, our England

Two summers ago we seemed to have found it. We painted our faces in the colours of St George, we sang for England. "It's coming home, it's coming home," we chanted throughout Euro '96 — and we weren't just talking about football. A new sense of national pride was returning — shorn of the ugly associations of English nationalism past. It was a patriotism free of Empire, skinheads and the National Front. And even the usually wary liberal middle-classes joined in.

Tony Blair rode the feeling, and fed it. "Labour's coming home," he half-sang to the 1996 party conference. Political change was just around the corner, fuelling the sense of optimism and possibility always crucial to patriotism. Blair's talk of a New Britain, of becoming a "young country again," struck a chord: maybe he was right, maybe we would renew ourselves for the next millennium.

Even Cool Britannia, for all its naivety and condescension, added to the mood. Ginger Spice squeezed herself into a Union Jack mini-dress; Noel Gallagher painted his guitar in a swirl of red, white and blue.

By the spring of 1997, Labour was fighting an election campaign which made the flag, and even the British bulldog, its own. Slowly, our national symbols were being wrenched from the grip of the right — and reclaimed for the rest of us.

But that was then. In seven quick days the mood has changed, the ugliness in Marseilles reminding English liberals why they disliked patriotism in the first place. The sight of those tattooed lads, their bellies jutting defiantly forward, has led English folk of progressive conscience to revert to their previous stance. Once again, flag-waving is scorned as a quasi-fascist activity with English nationalism a brutish force to be despised. The letters page of the Guardian, the bush telegraph of

What? England, has buzzed with a renewed longing for patriotism. Polly Tovoles taught the mood when she wrote on Wednesday: "Who would want to be English?"

In place of the cheering of those Euro '96 summer nights how come a new ambivalence toward this national football team? How loudly can we cheer Shrewsbury and the rest, now that we've seen the true face of their thickest supporters? If these things are leading this way, how can we be part of it?

It's a dilemma that goes beyond the appropriate conduct for Monday's game against Romania. (Can we go wild if the boys win, or does that make us like them?) It goes to the heart of a question which has vexed English radicals for a good part of the century. Must the left shun English nationalism, or is there an identity we can celebrate, too? Put simply, can progressives be patriots?

The answer is yes. It may require some tough thinking

about identity, a search for the buried treasure of our own history, and even a new notion of Englishness. But it can be done — and it's essential that we start.

The first move will be a rebellion of the very idea of nationalism. Plenty of leftists reckon they have an in-built reflex against patriotism of every stripe, no matter whose flag is being waved. But they should be honest with themselves. Do these people all oppose Nelson Mandela's pride in the new South Africa or Yasser Arafat's urge to build a home for his people? Do they choke on talk of pride when it comes from the Scottish National Party or Sinn Féin?

Of course they don't. In fact this World Cup has supplied extra proof of the indulgence, even celebration, that English liberals offer to the patriotism of others. We enjoy Jamaica's pride in the Reggae Boyz, Brazil's delight in Ronaldo and Scotland's all-night partying. It's easy to warm to these soccer tribes, who display their

passion in dance and song, not just in 2 bottles. But if liberals truly despised patriotism, would they have little patience even for this kinder, gentler version?

Admittedly, all those other, more acceptable nationalisms have something Englishness lacks: a history of suffering. The Palestinians and South Africans are not nationalists in the *naïve* sense, says the English liberal: they're fighting for liberation. The Scots and the Irish — struggling to throw off their horrible, English oppressors.

But what about us? We have no recent memory of victimhood. We cannot with a straight face talk of an "English struggle for self-determination" or recount bitter, ancestral tales of dispossession and exile. Our history has been one of near-unbroken prosperity, free of defeat and occupation. While other, more left-friendly nationalisms are built on legends of suffering, the English national myth is one of success.

Perhaps we can reinvent ourselves as victims. It's telling that the most successful patriotic anthems of recent times — Baddiel & Skinner's Three Lions — scored by ditching the Rule Britannia image of England as a mighty conqueror, and replacing it with memories of noble failure: "Thirty years of hurt..."

But for those with a truthful eye on English history beyond football, such a trick will be hard to pull off. English radicals have to learn to live with a past of victory, prosperity and conquest — and so construct a patriotism for a new victim, one which is not triumphalist but progressive.

The left cannot simply dodge the task (and hope Romania win on Monday). For, despite the conventional wisdom, national feeling should be the left's natural terrain. What is patriotism, except an affirmation that individuals live in a larger society? It is a declaration of common cause, of shared destiny — just the ideas of

What's a nice girl like you doing in a country like this?
PHOTOGRAPH BY MARTIN GARR

collectivity and belonging that surely distinguish left from right. To deny an English national identity is to give a posthumous victory to Thatcherism: to accept there is no such thing as society. The left says there is, and England is ours.

So much for patriotism in principle. What about the case of England? Can we learn to love ourselves, and keep our place on the left and right?

We can. All it takes is a reacquaintance with our own history. Start with the old, the white emblem, painted on those fans' faces and now attached to a thousand car aerials and shop windows. The flag of St George can easily be reclaimed as a progressive symbol: it is England's David and Goliath story, the little guy taking on the mighty enemy. The traditional English sympathy for the underdog — heard even now in the page 16



MEMOIRS OF A Geisha ARTHUR GOLDEN

"This is an epic tale and a beautiful evocation of a rapidly vanishing world" The Times

VINTAGE

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V

Should Ian Brady be allowed to kill himself?

Dear Brian,
When Winnie Johnson, the mother of the Moors Murder victim, Keith Bennett, was told this week that Ian Brady wanted to commit legally-assisted suicide, she commented that "it was the best thing he had ever said" and added that it was a pity that Myra Hindley had not also seen the light.

Brady and Hindley were sentenced to life for murder in May 1966, and many of us felt that it was a pity the death sentence had been abolished. I certainly did. I analysed my reactions at the time, I realise that I felt mere imprisonment was an insufficient punishment for such horrible crimes.

Now, it may be wrong to think in terms of "punishment". Yet when we hear of young muggers attacking old ladies, or vandals going on the rampage in a town's civic centre, this seems a sensible, rather than a vindictive, reaction. It may be un-Christian, but we feel the need to punish the culprits and to deter others.

When I came to write about the Moors Murders case, I saw that my nostalgia for the death penalty was illogical. If punishment was what Brady and Hindley deserved, then they certainly got it. Brady had to be placed in solitary confinement for years for his own protection. By 1985, he was suffering from paranoid hallucinations and had been reduced to a skeleton. He was then transferred to Ashworth Special Hospital on Merseyside.

Now he has been in prison more than half his life and knows that he has no chance of ever being released. I would suggest that he has been punished enough and that it would be humane to allow him to end it all with the help of a doctor.

Yours sincerely,
Colin Wilson
Author of *A Plague Of Murders*, which includes correspondence with Brady

Dear Colin,
I can well understand Winnie Johnson's response to Ian Brady's desire to seek legally-assisted suicide. For many years, as a full-time prison chaplain, I worked alongside murderers and I admit to having visited occasionally that those killers were dead themselves, especially if their victims were elderly or children. There is an element of an eye for an eye in all of us, though I do not support capital punishment.

I am a strong supporter of very carefully controlled voluntary euthanasia and I sit on the executive committee of the Voluntary Euthanasia Society. We support the voluntary medical easing from life of those whose death is imminent and whose remaining life would otherwise be lived out in excruciating pain. The emphasis is on voluntarily seeking a gentle and good death.

If these then are the criteria (were they to have legal status in this country, which at present they do not), they would hardly apply to Brady, if he is suffering from the paranoid hallucinations that you have mentioned. In his situation, to assist with his suicide would be tantamount to murder. Are we then thinking in terms of completing his "debt to society" by assisting his suicide, or are we seeming to be compassionate to one who will never know freedom from this side of the grave? Could this be a roundabout way, be a wish to introduce voluntary capital punishment?

Yours sincerely,
The Reverend Brian Anderson

Dear Brian,
I take your point: that assisting Ian Brady to die would amount to voluntary capital punishment. Yet you are mistaken when you say that euthanasia would not apply to him because he is

Yes
Colin Wilson
Writer on crime

No
Brian Anderson
Former prison chaplain



Live or let die? Ian Brady

suffering from paranoid delusions. Having been corresponding with him for six or seven years, I am certain that any psychiatrist would now pronounce him sane.

Let me point out that there have been many killers who have asked the court to sentence them to death, the best known recent case being the American Gary Gilmore. When his brother told him he intended to apply for a stay of execution, Gilmore said: "Look, I've spent too much time in jail — I don't have anything left in me."

If you were a Samaritan trying to dissuade someone from committing suicide, you would point out that life always holds out some promise. But after 32 years in prison, Brady knows he has no hope, no future. And if Gary Gilmore had a right to apply for the death sentence 10 years after it had been suspended in Utah, then why shouldn't this apply to Brady? Or, for that matter, to anybody who knows he is going to

spend the rest of his — or her — life behind bars? You say you do not support capital punishment, and neither, on the whole, do I. But can we be sure that we are not blinding ourselves to the position of those who know that they will never again be free?

Yours sincerely,
Colin

Dear Colin,
I feel there is a flaw in your argument about the state of Ian Brady's mind. Would he still be at Ashworth Special Hospital if he were considered to be of sound mental health? It is my understanding that people are only transferred there if they are deemed to have treatable mental illness.

If he does have a mental illness then he would not be able truly to meet the criteria of a voluntary decision which a body like the Voluntary Euthanasia Society upholds and promulgates.

Did you side-step the use of the word voluntary? Anyone deemed to be suffering from such paranoid delusions would not be considered of sound enough mind to pass the first of the hurdles to qualify for voluntary euthanasia. To me the words voluntary and euthanasia in conjunction are equally important. Whether Mr Brady is sane or not would, I reckon, need a qualified panel of psychiatrists.

For some years I was a Samaritan, and it was not then and still is not the function of any Samaritan volunteer to attempt to dissuade any caller from committing suicide. The appropriate psychological and psychiatric care of Ian Brady surely is to enable him to rebuild the rest of his life in some useful way within the confines of a secure place. I have met others at Broadmoor who are doing just this.

Finally, was the death sentence ever truly suspended anywhere in America? It has obviously been in recent years to reinstate it in several states ranging from Texas to New York.

Yours sincerely,
Brian

Dear Brian,
I'm afraid you have totally misunderstood me. In my own view, Brady is totally sane. My own correspondence with him soon convinced me that he is not only totally sane but one of the most highly intelligent and widely-read of my correspondents. In that respect, he certainly qualifies to choose voluntary euthanasia.

To tell me that Samaritans — whether of the Biblical or modern variety — would not attempt to dissuade would-be suicide sounds to me so absurd that I won't even try to comment on it.

Brady is an odd person, whose murders were influenced by an obsessive reading of Dostoevsky, and a book called *Compulsion*, about the Leopold and Loeb murders. That is no excuse. But I believe that, when he was arrested, he felt like a gambler who has placed all his money on one card and lost. He knew that his life was finished.

But he had youth and probably hope. Now both are gone, and Ashworth is as appalling a place as he has ever been in (it should really be closed down). He wants to end it, and I believe that most members of the British public would heartily endorse that wish.

Sincerely,
Colin

Dear Colin,
Yes, I may have misunderstood you on the matter of Ian Brady's current state of mental health. But I still would argue that, Ashworth, terrible though it may be (and debate is going on as to whether it, Broadmoor and Rampton should close) would not keep Ian there if they did not consider him to have some identifiable, treatable mental illness.

Otherwise, there are plenty of small regional secure units where he could live a much higher quality of life. I don't doubt his intelligence whatsoever.

Incidentally the job of the Samaritans is never ever to give advice and that would include discussion on the matter of suicide. My suggestion wasn't that absurd — I checked!

I am uncertain as to whether what are called compulsive personality disorders would constitute mental illness. In situations like this it just shows how vital it is to have a totally impartial psychiatric evaluation — even in the present age or in some enlightened near future when we all know voluntary euthanasia will be legalised. Part of me would wish to honour Ian Brady's desire to end it all. Perhaps it is a final freedom to which we are all entitled.

Yours sincerely,
Brian

Smallweed



Alan Clark says something typically Alan Clarkish about football hooligans and straightaway a government spokesman starts calling for retribution. "Mr Haghe," some Bladist minion was quoted as saying on Wednesday, "should immediately discipline Mr Clark, otherwise he will be colluding in an apology for the worst sort of violent hooliganism."

What on earth is wrong with these people? In their ideal world, Parliament would become some kind of Puginesque team depot, where no one ever served off the lines, or tried to create more useful trains, or invented its own unorthodox routes or unapproved destinations. The electors of Kensington and Chelsea must have known all about Alan Clark when they elected him. If they'd wanted a team, they'd have chosen one of the other contenders.

Smallweed's own advice on this matter is based on the second book of Kings, chapter 10. Jehu, as king of Israel, wishes to stop people worshipping Baal. So he calls a great assembly, ostensibly in honour of Baal, for which they all joyfully muster. When he's carefully checked there are no non-Baalites present, he sends his guards in to slay them. To adopt such a course in 20th century Britain might be a bit extreme for this day and age, but it shouldn't be beyond the ingenuity of Jack Straw to devise some appropriate 20th century variation. He could use

a similar tactic — the announcement of some kind of maritime hooliganism, ostensibly arranged by the hooligans themselves, and advertised on their own network — to lure them on to some massive ship which would then put out for the mid-Atlantic. At a given signal, the captain and crew would sneak off the ship and leave them to their own devices. There seems to be a precedent here in a fictional institution called the Ship of Fools which dates from the 18th century. In a variation called *Cock Lorell's Bets*, published by Wynkyn de Worde (one of the world's great typhons) in 1510, Cock Lorell, a thicket, captains a motley crew of rogues and vagabonds on a journey to nowhere. We already have a prison ship moored off the coast of Portland, so I can't see any good reason why we shouldn't have a Ship of Fools too.

The historian Lord Dacre of Glanton is in trouble for insulting the Scots. He says that the third-century poet Ossian never existed, and his so-called poem *Fingal* was the work of an 18th-century forger. This used to be a prevalent view but is now, days increasingly challenged. Smallweed will make no pronouncement on that. What I do find curious, though, is his lordship's defence against charges of anti-Scottishness. "I had a Scottish nanny," he says, "and a Scottish governess. I went to school in Scotland. I spent 25 years in Scotland." Maybe it's unusual, though it's certainly not unique, to spend 25 years in a country which you dislike; but it certainly doesn't follow that having Scottish governesses, nannies or schools automatically makes you pro-Scottish. Smallweed's ancient snail *Archie* cables from *Inverness*: The bairns right. I mind well my own experiences at the hands of my nanny Morag McRavage in Aikster-muchie 70 years ago. Fourteen stone and a half of montly exertion, she was said to have played in disguise in the front row for Hawick when one of the

regular players failed to turn up for a match with McRorse. When a technical fault occurred at our local Highgrove, Morag was hired to stand on a rock at the edge of the sea and blow thorny instructions to passing sailors. When she left to join the SAS, I found myself in the tender care of a governess, Alina McSpigot. Whatever subject we touched on — English language and literature, chemistry, electronics, engineering, topless darts — her command was always the same: "Translate it into the Lallans."

When my poor long-suffering parents attempted to remonstrate, Alina imperiously told them: "I'm no' taking instructions from you unless they're couched in the Lallans." So they sent me to St Mungo's Academy. Killie-memurdoch; but there it was even worse. The headmaster, Rollo McSade, not only beat every boy in the school every morning; he beat the junior masters as well. What is more... *Nanny McRavage writes from the Other Side*: How many times must I tell you to hush your wheesht? I must say, though, while I am on, I thought our boys did ever so well against Norway.

Alina McSpigot files from the same location: Could we have that in Lallans please?

In warning readers against the expression "consulting widely", I failed to mention "close consultation" which has also been much in the news this week. This means much the same thing: *Jeremy Wright*, PR consultant extraordinaire, endorsing the views of politicians in a cathedral close. Writing from County Wexford, Jerome Hynes thinks it's time that I noted the equal salience of facilitator extraordinaire Biddy Murphy. Recent headlines from "Biddy to save Irish peace talks" to "Biddy to solve aboriginal disputes" and even "Biddy to ensure trouble-free World Cup" demonstrate her bulging portfolio. I feel bound to point out, even so, that certainly in the last of these instances, Biddy hasn't really lived up to her promises.

The Readers' Editor on ... blips in the Birthdays column Many unhappy returns

Ian Mayes
Open door



In primary school parlance, the Birthdays column is the smiley face on the Obituaries page. For several reasons the page has always seemed to me to be an appropriate resting place for it: Happy Birthdays, but with intimations of mortality, or as Dylan Thomas expressed it, "It was my thirtieth year to be born..." The presence from time to time among the Birthday celebrants of a dead person confirms the feeling that the ground is well chosen. There is, it has to be admitted, the occasional (let us call it) crossover. It generally evokes a wistful memory. "As one who had the pleasure of hearing her live in the opera house and of totting up numerous records, I would dearly love to believe that Imogen Seefried [who died in 1988 and who appeared in the column in 1993] was indeed celebrating her birthday today..."

Rumour has it that at one time a favourite Guardian game among a group of dons at High Table in Oxford was spotting the stiff at the birthday party.

We should, of course, note the deaths of people famous enough to have been obituarised and we should chastise ourselves heavily for these posthumous appearances in the Birthdays column. However, the column has a potential for error quite disproportionate to its size. It is a dense sequence of unvarnished fact (in intention at least). Apart

from singing *Happy Birthday* in a darkened room, it can do the following. It can get a name wrong. It can give the wrong age. It can choose the wrong date. It can describe the occupation or former occupation of the deceased wrongly. It can repeat a Birthday twice in the same year.

It has actually done all these things in the past six months. Frances Partridge, the oldest surviving member of the Bloomsbury Set, had her birthday announced twice — in the same month (March) — for the past six or seven years, until this year. Neither she nor anyone else appeared to notice.

She is not alone. "I see," a reader sharply observed, "you have elevated Julie Walters to the status of HM the Queen. You have listed her birthday twice this year [1997], once on February 22 and now on May 22. Among other members of this exclusive little double-birthday band are Yasser Arafat, Kylie Minogue and the musician, Peter Gabriel. These crises are resolved by quick calls to theatrical or literary agents — or the London office of the PLO."

Describing someone's occupation is slightly more complicated than it sounds. Keeping up with promotions, movements, retirements — think of the academic world, for example — can be a nightmare. The periods of most feverish activity follow the publication of the Honours Lists, or the opening of a new Parliament, when titles change, new MPs take the stage — a moment's neglect today is another annoying error tomorrow.

When a sporting figure reaches advanced years, do you say, "former footballer"? My own strong preference, unless it looks really ludicrous, is to continue to describe people by the activity (rather than the post) for which they were famous. I think the reader of the Birthdays column who sees Sir Donald Bradman described simply as "cricketer" may be left to make the assumption that he hasn't

spent long at the crease lately. The editor responsible for the column — which is undertaken as a freelance contract — has built an electronic file containing about 10,000 names, an increase of several thousand in the last five or six years since he took over the first paper file of names kept by his predecessor. He has made a particular effort in that time to broaden the range of people included — so Happy Birthdays to the Kray brothers (although Ron, of course, is no longer with us). In particular, he has increased the number of women by about 1,500.

The age profile of the column has also been significantly lowered, although, outside the world of the arts and sport, finding people under 40 who we might wish to know about has not turned out to be all that easy. (Suggestions for inclusion in the column — for people of any age — may be sent to, Birthdays Editor, The Guardian, 115 Rivington Road, London EC3R 3ER.)

The worst sin we can commit, for some, especially those who have formed the habit over a number of years of seeing their name in the column, is that of omission. I don't think confidentiality will be breached by quoting from one fairly recent letter. "I'm writing to let you know that I am still alive... I always read the Birthdays with great interest and I was saddened to miss my name there — it seemed like a sentence of death. It may be that you thought I was dead... I would be thrilled to find myself resurrected."

This week's Birthdays appear on the Obituaries page of the main paper today. If you are alive, and in it, Happy Birthday!

It is the policy of the Guardian to correct errors as soon as possible. Please quote date and page number. Readers may contact the office of the Readers' Editor by telephoning 0171 236 9898 between 11am and 5pm, Monday to Friday. Fax: 0171 236 9897. E-mail: reader@guardian.co.uk

England, our England

page 17 collective rooting for Jamaica — is deep in our national consciousness.

And it's more than a legend. For English radicals can feel proud that our nation has played St George more than once — slaying the Bonapartist and Hitlerite dragons in two centuries. Twice England has stood firm, resisting the designs of dictatorship.

At home we have remained equally immune to the virus of power-worship. While our European neighbours fell under the spell of fascism and communism in the 1930s, we rebuffed them, allowing neither to become mass movements. We never went in for a large standing army, preferring internal oppression, preferring naval power instead — and no one ever saw a submarine quell a riot. London does not enjoy the wide

streets admired in France, but we should remember that Napoleon III built those to ease the path of his troops when they needed to crush insurrection.

A left-leaning patriotism would drink in England's past as the nation of dissent. It would learn from Tony Benn, the leftwing patriot who urges us not to forget the England of the Levellers and the Peasants' Revolt, the Tolpuddle Martyrs and the Chartists. It would remember that England first tempered the absolute power of monarchy in 1688 — a full century before the French Revolution. It would boast that the leading light of that rebellion and the revolution in America was Thomas Paine, of Thetford, Norfolk. (An English nationalism of the left would make Paine's Rights of Man a set text.)

This is an England worth celebrating. The England which set the world lead in representative democracy and liberty, from the House of Commons to the works of Hobbes, Locke and Mill, from the proto-feminism of Mary Woll-



Rally round the flag, boys —
Geri added spice to patriotism but this week's events in France have set us back to a world where the Union Jack spells fascism

stonecraft to the early anarchism of Blake, Shelley and Coleridge. Throw in the English language, Shakespeare and football, and it's quite a legacy.

We spread those gifts throughout the world, even to places we weren't wanted. The Empire is not easy for progressives: for many it is the biggest barrier to embracing patriotism. The argument over Britain's imperial record will endure well into the next century. Some historians will cast it as our darkest hour; others will suggest that England's conduct, while lamentable in places, never sank to the depths attained by the world's most brutal colonial powers. Either way, English radicals will have to confront that history.

But they should not discard it all: they should recall that our imperial instincts were partially driven by a sea-faring, outward-looking engagement with the world — an early internationalism that lives to this day. Visit the toughest places on the planet, and the British diaspora will be there

— aid workers, volunteers and the rest. When crisis struck in Eritrea, the Foreign Office unearthed 120 UK citizens doing their best for a faraway land.

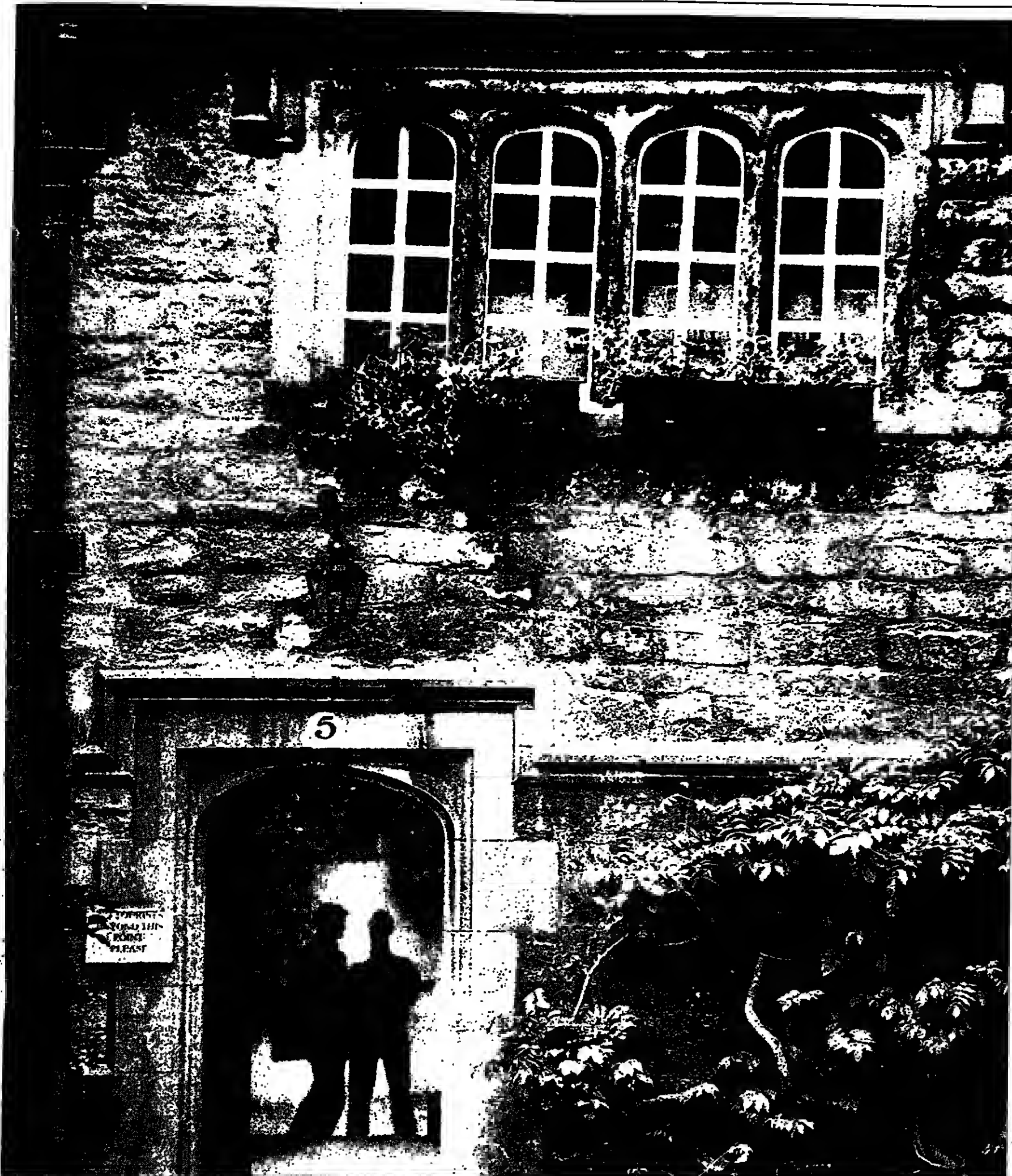
Some of that open-mindedness lives right here at home. We may not be a US-style melting pot, but Britain is making a decent attempt at creating a multi-cultural society. London is among the most diverse cities in the world and, unlike our most immediate neighbours, we do not have 15 per cent of the population voting for fascist parties bent on turning the clock back. The title of the newest football song is a homage to the ethnic mix that is modern England. It's called *Vindaloo*.

Ultimately, the challenge for England — and perhaps the other countries of Britain and Europe — is to construct a nationalism of ideas, not blood. When identity is of the civic variety, united around a shared project, then anyone can join, like new recruits to a team. The old, ethnic nations are closed entities where bloodline or skin-colour (or a cricket

test) can keep you out. But a nationalism of ideas — a shared commitment not to old tribal prejudices, but to core values of, say, democracy, liberty and fairness — is open and inclusive; joining is no more complicated than signing up for a collective adventure.

This will be a patriotism all can enjoy, right and left. And when we look for standard-bearers, who knows, perhaps we will light upon our national football team. Look at them: a group of mainly working-class men who've made good through talent and hard work; some of them black, some of them white; and all drawn from England's greatest places, London and Liverpool, Manchester and Newcastle.

That's how it can be for all of us. The left believes in society, and England is ours. We may want to change it — that's why we're on the left — but this is our nation all the same. When our representatives take the field on Monday, every self-respecting progressive will know his or her duty: to raise a cheer, for In-ger-land!



Outside in... St Edmund Hall, Oxford, stage for a mini-drama with 'victims, plotting and gossip'

PHOTOGRAPH: MARTIN ARQUES

Stephen Tumim's abrupt departure from an Oxford college reminds John Tusa of his own run-in with the devious dons of Cambridge

Jolly bad fellows

During the deepest days of the cold war, the dozen of Soviet affairs analysts at the BBC World Service almost invariably began his talks with the observation that such and such a development in the USSR "comes as no surprise". That phrase, and the accompanying sense of weariness, rose to my mind at the news that Stephen Tumim had been forced out as the Principal of St Edmund Hall, Oxford, by pressure from the fellows.

I had known that Stephen Tumim was "in trouble with the fellows" for some months. But he and his wife Winifred were determined to get through it. Now it is all over and another Oxford mini-drama has played itself out. Be sure of one thing: the fellows are loving it.

Why all the public fuss? I remember three warning observations made to me by incumbent Masters about the nature of the job before I took over as President of Wolfson College, Cambridge, in January 1993. "You must remember that it is basically a tinpot activity" — an understandable comment from one whose financial authority in the college ran no further than being able to sign a £25 cheque.

"It is a very nice backdrop to life," mused another, content that he had a real life elsewhere. "Don't take it too seriously," warned a third, "it can't take the strain."

So say that the Tumim Affair is a mini-drama at once accurate and misleading. Accurate because most colleges are small institutions, with very limited funds and limited academic functions. They are decorative but not essential to the work of a university.

But to call it a mini-drama is misleading for this reason. Look at what the fellows have achieved. Sir Stephen Tumim came to the college

two years ago after eight years as Her Majesty's Chief Inspector of Prisons. In that capacity he became nationally famous for blunt plain-speaking reports about the awfulness of the nation's prisons; he took on Michael Howard and Kenneth Clarke, two heavyweight Home Secretaries, and emerged as a voice of sanity over national criminal policy and administration. By any standards he was a "catch" for the small, obscure and poverty-stricken St Edmund Hall.

Now he has been driven out by the fellows — despite the unanimous protests of the undergraduates — on an assortment of vaguely worded grounds ranging from Tumim's alleged poor management, his inability to chair meetings, his failure to fundraise and so on. Some "catch", some scalp.

Reading between the lines, the Tumims have been driven out because a cabal of fellows persuaded their colleagues that they had had enough of him. Do not expect to know more than that. That is what college life can be like.

I know. I write from first-hand knowledge. I can assure Sir Stephen that once he has got over the immediate annoyance of the whole affair, he will find, as I said when I left Wolfson just 10 months after I arrived there, that "I had better things to do with my life". How right I was; how right I think he will be.

I refer to the Tumims, plural, because wives are intimately involved in these matters, and not just because their husbands are messed around. My wife Ann and I can see many resemblances with our experiences at Wolfson College. For a start, there is no place for a Head of House's wife in the Oxbridge scheme of things.

When I took over at Wolfson, Ann was in the middle of researching her book on the Berlin Wall. No

fellow ever asked her about it or indeed, as she put it, "whether I had found it difficult to arrange a transfer to working at the checkout of the Cambridge rather than the Hampstead Sainsbury's". The nearest any fellow came to polite interest came when a distinguished professor of zoology asked her at dinner: "And do you do anything to keep yourself out of mischief, Mrs Tusa?"

Resisting the pardonable temptation to throw jelly at him, Ann then told him in excruciating detail about the libraries and research institutes she had been visiting for her book.

Since then, at least three wives of Heads of House have told me that they can't wait for Monday morning to get the first train to London. Another relatively contented wife said: "I don't have any position in the college. Thank goodness I have my own contacts and world in Oxford because I wouldn't get it from our fellows."

I only know one friend who treated a college as they would have treated her. When her husband was being wooed for the headship of a major Oxbridge House, she let it be known that she would be available at weekends only — out of term.

The Tumims were clearly the victims of plotting and gossip. Looking back at the journal I kept at the time, so were we. Ann and I should have read the warning signals. There was an unconscionable delay in getting ready the very ordinary Cambridge house pompously designated as "The President's Lodge".

There was the difficulty of getting meetings with the architects and garden designers, a transaction that the fellows tried to keep to themselves. There was the constant battle to stop things being done to the house and garden, which we had said we did not want.

There was the mysterious, con-

tinuing failure to connect a telephone to the lodge. And then there was the visit from a senior fellow. Clearly trouble was brewing.

I am struck by the similarity of the tactics employed against me and against Stephen Tumim; classic dons' guerrilla warfare no doubt, of which the first precept is "Get your accusation in first". The senior fellow did.

I was "never there"; I needed to be seen around more; my "absences" were commented on. The fact that I could prove that I kept the rights in residence to which I was committed, and presided over all Formal Hall and Guest Nights, was ignored. So was the fact that I had visited and talked to almost every college fellow in their lab or department, a commitment which the college old guard regarded as unworthy of comment.

When we ran into a serious matter of internal college discipline, the fellows were in their element. One of them said: "There is a lot of poison around, president". (He did not suggest who was spreading it. Rule two of Dons' guerrilla warfare: "Never attribute a quote or allegation".)

Then he added, fatally: "Some fellows are asking whether we haven't made a mistake?" When I replied that we were asking ourselves the same question, his shocked reaction demonstrated that the possibility that I might fight back and had full freedom of action had not occurred to them. At that moment, though, I knew I could be free whenever I wanted.

But as Stephen Tumim and I both found, the core of the difficulty goes deeper than this. He was accused of "differences of opinion

over the interpretation of the role of principal which have proved impossible to reconcile". I was charged with "failing to understand the nature of authority in a college", whatever that meant.

When it comes to colleges, Dons get very vague and misty. They know where power lies — usually in a small coterie — and the introduction of outsiders raises awkward questions about the exercise and the monitoring of that power. That is why outsiders as Heads of House can be a threat. They want to do things differently. They want to get decisions taken and carried out.

One of the defining moments in my own departure came when I told some astonished fellows that their behaviour was intolerable and that I was resigning with immediate effect. One of them protested: "Most people couldn't take a decision like that." Somehow, that remark made leaving even easier.

But colleges need to ask themselves other questions. The better colleges, I think, have answers. Many do not. For instance, what are they for and what do they do? I am the last person to want to inflict the managerial culture on colleges but unless they frame principles around such basic matters as this, someone will make them do it in an alien way.

What, for instance, is the role of master or president? Executive, quasi-executive or purely decorative? My impression is that colleges like to have heads of house like big totems. They show them off to neighbouring institutions. Within the college walls, however, the favourite use and purpose of the totem is to fire arrows into it.

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As MPs prepare to vote next week on an equal age of consent for homosexuals, Adam Mars-Jones, now openly gay, recalls how he used to be a homophobic teenager

I didn't like gays. And I am one

The argument for an equal age of consent for homosexuals acts, on which MPs will freely vote on Monday, is unanswerable. If there is any justice or common sense, then a long-rank wrong will be undone. Hurrah! But having said that...

There is a self-righteous overtone to the argument. In the gay liberationist rhetoric to which I (essentially) subscribe, it is an act of logic and respect to accord me and my kind our rights. But there is also the implication: you poor pitiful straights can't know what it's like to be a minority member. Walk a mile in my stylish shoes on the path of radical virtue. Then you'll know.

The problematic assumption is: if I wasn't gay, I would be pro-gay. And I don't think it's true. I remember a state of pubescent horror and dismay, in which I was a mathematically precise what I now recommend. In B-movie terms, I Was A Teenage Homophobe. And I wasn't a unique case.

It happened that my puberty was late in arriving. Only when I was about 16 did I begin to connect with impulses that would undermine what I thought I knew. Before then, I knew that women were meant for men, and I would marry Audrey Hepburn.

My homophobia was a true phobia: it was terror rather than hatred, but the sort of terror that wants its object obliterated. I had a hysterical need to shun homosexuality, rather abstract because there was no homosexuality in plain view. There were two boys at my school, Westminster, who were referred to as a couple, with a sneer that nevertheless acknowledged a status quo. I don't think I ever saw these two together, but I found them individually impossible to deal with.

Looking out of a window, I saw a popular English teacher loitering on the grass with some sixth-form pupils. They all had books in hand, but in my mind I turned an innocent seminar with overtones of a picnic into a suppressed orgy.

Self-defining homosexuals were not in evidence then, at the beginning of the partial decriminalisation, the half-life, that we have inhabited since 1967, but there was no shortage of accurate slanders. Tom Driberg came to address the school at some stage, and I watched him rigid with loathing; Churchill's stupid joke about him, which I had just been told, echoed in my mind. Beggars can't be choosers. I tried to convey an absolute condemnation with my posture, while also being terrified that he would meet my eye.

What was behind such maladjustedness? It must have made a difference that my father, a London lawyer with a Welsh village background, considered nothing more disgusting than the twisted desire of one man for another. He referred, in terms that anticipated by almost 20 years a famously vicious sound-bite of James Anderton (a sound-bite), to "homosexuals wallowing in faeces".

It should be said in my father's favour that he wasn't a hypocrite. The law, at the time he started to practise it, regarded homosexuals as criminals.

Choosing a school for my older brother, he asked if homosexuality was endemic there, as if such things could exist only by permission. He wanted to be shown a master copy of the rules which would make it clear that pupils' genitals were out of bounds.

There were people in my father's circle who held different views, and sometimes told him so. One junior colleague told him he had "a bee in his bonnet" on homosexuality, and that these people were not as he imagined, though it did nothing to change my father's ideas. When he was made a judge in 1969, the bee in his bonnet became a wasp beneath his wig, and his judgments on homosexual defendants were severe.

My own development made slow progress. The first time I encountered an image or statement that gave gay desire any legitimacy, it was thanks to my



Adam Mars-Jones... 'I knew that I would marry Audrey Hepburn'

older brother. He was more adventurous than I, and like many sixties teenagers he read underground magazines.

I was terrified of these publications, which he kept in the chest of drawers in the bedroom which was mine at weekends during school term and shared by us during the holidays. They made me feel pathetically innocent of sex and drugs.

I was aware in a muffled way of the controversy surrounding Dr David Reuben's book *Everything You Always Wanted To Know About Sex*, and I knew of his dismissal of homosexuals as fixated on the penis and not the person. I accepted this as the doom passed on what by then I knew was my kind.

Theo one evening I leafed through one of these magazines and found a strip cartoon showing two long-haired men in bed together reading Reuben's book, laughing, throwing the book down, and taking each other into an embrace that was an aroused refusal of everything the bigot said. I wasn't turned on by the cartoon, nor altogether convinced. But I did have something to put on the other side of the equation.

It took me years to go to my first gay meeting, and a good while after that to go to my first Gay Pride march. It wasn't quite a feeling that it was good manners for lepers to ring their bells, but it wasn't pride either, not by a long chalk.

My father's progress was no more headlong than my own. It was 15 years after my coming out before he could accept my life without an outward flinch. Then when it became too much hard work to maintain the anathema, he let it drop as if it had never existed. Although my father's hostility to homosexuality was fierce, I didn't necessarily take the line that someone so threatened was projecting outward, with loathing, something within himself.

But sometimes I do see something similar happening when gay people denounce homophobia. We know homophobia, not just because we have a politics, but because we have a memory, and also, with any luck, a conscience. Sometimes we are only pretending to be shocked. I suppose I am saying that the tone I prefer is weary correction rather than foaming rage.

My father was homophobic for over 50 years, while my own case lasted for less than 10. The mode of his prejudice was disgust, and mine was fear. He warped me, in a sense, and in a sense I educated him. But my desires required that I explore my fears, and that is not actually a heroic enterprise. He only stopped anathematising gay people when it suited him. But then so did I. I only stood up for gay rights when they turned out to be mine.

The point of this stridently economical argument is not to rehabilitate homophobic discourse, merely to suggest that it comes out of the mouths and pens of people who are not as different from the way we once were as we would prefer to think. There's nothing I enjoy more than being on the high moral ground, and the freshness of the air I breathe there. But we are all only squatters on that territory. The freehold is not on offer.

A longer version of this article appears in the current issue of the New Statesman.

Old, rich but brain dead. Is there any life left in a continent where the great struggles are over, asks **Norman Stone**

Europe's last gasp

The Dark Continent: Europe's Twentieth Century by Mark Mazower 496pp, Allen Lane, £20

We are only capable of the highest degree of mediocrity," said a German lady at an Anglo-German event in Essen some years ago. I dissented. When you see how the Germans have made a go of it - the Ruhr in general, and compare it with the near ruin of our Sheffield, you only wish that you might have a slice of their mediocrity.

There must have been quite a bit of to-ing and fro-ing in the run-up to the Blair victory between British Labour and the German Social Democrats, because we seem to have adopted quite a number of things (the federalisation process in Scotland and Wales is an obvious one) that are associated with Germany's post-war success. However, Germans are not really very happy about their own performance, they moan. Many of them even say that eighties Britain, for all its problems, had something to teach them about creativity.

Quite a number of Americans seem to think so too: "Europe is brain dead," says Michael Ledeen in the *American Spectator*. In the fifties he had gone to Europe for the women, the thoughts, the cinema. Not any more. The French commentator Marc Fumaroli echoes this. In a wonderful little book about the state and the arts, he reckons that France is turning into a sort of huge 1780s Venice - pretty dead.

Europe today is rich, but rich in the way pensioners are rich, ringing up the stockbroker while complaining about ailments and the noisiness of grandchildren. It is very, very difficult to make an interesting book about the continent's politics, and if the author's

perspective is centre-left, you are in for an unrelenting diet of worthy moans. It is altogether remarkable that Mark Mazower, one of our brightest young historians, has managed to write about this subject in such a way that you want to turn the pages, and on the way learn about all sorts of odd things. It is also refreshing, as Margaret Thatcher gradually turns into a national treasure, to find that Thatcher-bashing is still well and truly alive. Mazower moans in his preface about the hard times undergone by British universities in the eighties (he should really look at what happened to them abroad: much worse) and he regards that decade of "neo-liberalism" with horror. This is a relapse into English provincialism, because in every other country the revival of England (and Scotland) in that decade is regarded with admiration, and its architect is still lionised whenever she appears abroad.

Mazower started off with a wonderful book about the Greek resistance to German occupation and the run-up to the Greek civil war. It was a romantic late-sixties sort of book in its approach, but it led the author to see the severe limitations of communism. I have often noticed that lapsed "Euro-Communists" with a southern, Mediterranean perspective write rather interestingly about modern Europe; they understand what it is about and where the real power lies. This present book is really an essay, though one very cleverly wrapped into a chronological account, about the understanding of 20th-century Europe - the victory of a sort of Americanised, middle-of-the-road western Europe over communism, which, for the first part of the post-war period, did appear to be a serious competitor.

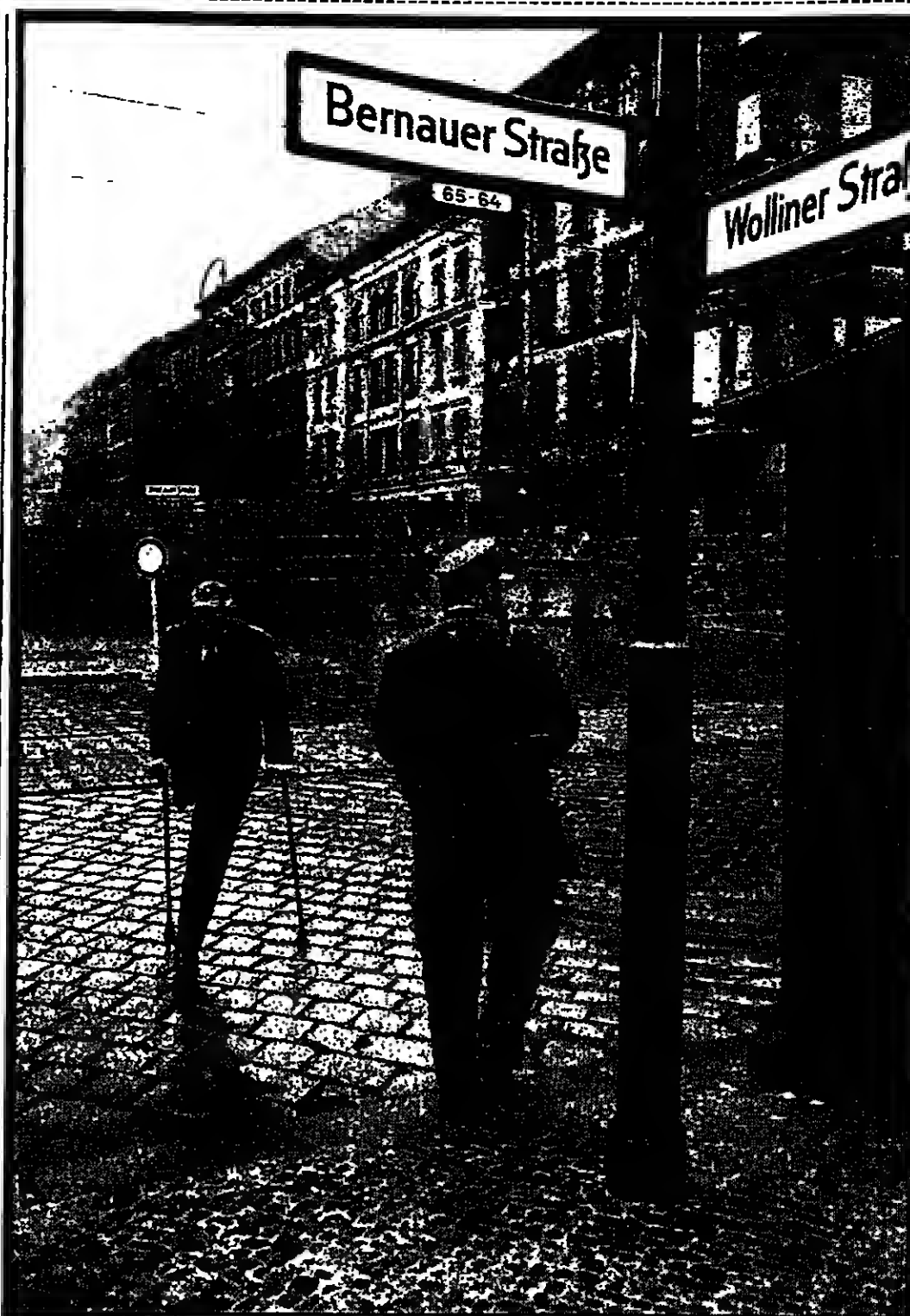
The real spectre in western Europe, says Mazower, was not communism at all, but fascism. Fascism has far deeper roots in European history. It was not a dis-

torion of "capitalism", but had its own economic approach, much of it socialist. In the thirties, the liberal world-order collapsed with the Depression, and, as any historian has to do, Mazower puts the post-war economic miracle of Europe in that perspective.

I wonder if he is right in claiming that the Depression showed the failure of liberal economics, however. After all, Britain herself recovered quite quickly, despite legend, and if American bankers had got their sums right, the whole business need not have been anything like so bad. As you look at the history of "capitalism" over the past century and a half, it is the Depression that looks anomalous, not the booms. Still, it is a challenge to argue against Mazower on these, as on other matters, the more so as he is always coming up with pieces of recondite information which you would not easily find anywhere else.

Communism in eastern Europe does get a certain commendation, in its early period; even (surely a lapse?) east Germany is credited with economic success. It collapsed, says Mazower, because it foolishly took on western debts. I wonder if this is really true. Albania and Czechoslovakia collapsed, but had no foreign debt to speak of; Hungary, with a large western debt, made the transition to communism so smoothly that it is difficult to speak of communist collapse at all. Mazower quotes a Hungarian commentator, Pal Kecskemeti, to the effect that communism would have to collapse at the head, in Moscow, and is that not, in the end, what did happen? Sensible Russians realised that they had been overtaken by western Germany, and that some kind of appeal, in a European context, had to be made to Bonn; this meant dismantling the Berlin Wall, and the rest followed.

Mazower is challenging about the role of fascism in the European past, and here he makes me think



The Berlin Wall, 1962; from Henri Cartier-Bresson's *Europeans* (Thames and Hudson, £29.95)

quite hard. It is certainly embarrassing to find modern goody-goody Europe, all those preachy Pauline Greens and Claudia Roth, ticking off countries such as Turkey for bad behaviour, whereas, easily within living memory, the western Europeans, Germans in the lead, were shovelling minorities into camps and claiming the authority of their own history as justification. In neo-European eyes, the western Europeans' craven behaviour over Bosnia was just a continuation of these practices, by Serbian proxy, and it cost dozens more times the casualties

incurred in Turkey's war (see supported by many Kurds) against the terrorist PKK. Mazower looks for signs of a return of fascism in modern Europe - not the discredited thirties version, but a more up-to-date, anti-immigrant one. Here, he is quite reassuring: no reason for panic. Europe has solved its problems of the past, is now prosperous and not very important.

As history, Mazower's book is valuable and well written, and I was particularly grateful for the bibliographical pages. So much history gets written nowadays, and we are so swamped in material

about, say, the workings of the Marshall Plan, that the bibliography in itself is a useful exercise. However, this book is a history book for the present: it makes you think about the relationship of economic progress, social conservatism and authoritarian government. If there is a serious slump in Europe in the near future, as so many people foresee, it will be worth keeping a copy of Mazower as a guide, maybe indirect but always interesting, as to what might come.

Norman Stone is professor of International relations at Bilkent University, Ankara.

The List

Uncommon People: Resistance, Rebellion and Jazz, by Eric Hobsbawm (Weidenfeld, £20) Cunning post-Pulp umbrella title disguises the fact that this mongrel collection of reprinted essays ranges quite arbitrarily from Hobsbawm's celebrated and influential early work on Tom Paine, machine-wreckers and shoemakers, through political pieces written for newspapers and magazines on Vietnam, the soviets, hitlers and the Cold War, and some mainly rather placid book reviews about jazz (and does even end with a jazz warrant: Hobsbawm's epithet "American Negro music"?). Good value, nevertheless, as a varied introduction to this infuriating idealist.

Travolta: The Life, by Nigel Andrews (Bloomsbury, £18.99) The dimple-chinned actor who nearly crashed his Gulfstream jet into Washington in 1992, and who believes sweetly in a sinister religion made up by a trashy science-fiction writer, is by all accounts a really nice guy. In this spangly-jacketed and overpriced but engagingly written celebration, Andrews, film critic of the FT, winks countless stories out of colleagues - from Travolta's early days as disco king to his reinvention by Tarantino and, helped by a few mournful stories of the saggy face, stellar recent performances in such cults-in-the-making as John Woo's hilarious *Face/Off*.

Slaves in the Family, by Edward Ball (Viking, £20) Ball's ancestor Elias sailed across the Atlantic in 1698 to claim his inheritance of a plantation and 25 slaves. The expanding business lasted until 1865 and abolition, but not before the family "owned" a grand total of nearly 4,000 people. To confront this bloody uncomfortable history (which is by metonymy that of America itself), Ball's nice idea is to write his family's long story, using plantation records and black and white folklore, and talking to descendants of the slaves themselves. He uncovers tales of opulence, mulatto scandals and violent uprising, and achieves an intriguing synthesis.

The Gay Metropolis: 1940-1996, by Charles Kaiser (Weidenfeld, £20) Ah, the gay metropolis. Weaving what can only be called oral history - the memories of ordinary people in interesting times - with political historiography and analysis of cultural trends, Kaiser sets off on a tremendous same-sex sweep through the latter half of the 20th century. Forceful characters such as Gore Vidal and Leonard Bernstein light up the pages, while the cause of gay liberation is traced through the US, Britain, Paris, Berlin, Cairo and Jerusalem. Steven Poole

Decca Aitkenhead on the perils of competing with a famous father

When Daddy went away for ever

Every Time We Say Goodbye by Anna Blundy 225pp, Century, £12.99

There are probably just three ways in which one can usefully write a book about an intimate relationship. It is relatively easy if either half of the relationship - or better still, both - is very famous, because few readers will mind too much if it's any good or not. In the absence of fame, it needs to say something insightful and universal. Or, it can be a testimony so affecting, so suggestive, that it succeeds as an exquisite piece of writing.

Sadly, *Every Time We Say Goodbye* falls into none of these categories. Anna Blundy, who is a journalist, has written about her father David, also a journalist, who was

shot dead in El Salvador when she was 19. She describes visiting the place of his death, and revisits childhood memories of a vivid but mostly absent father. David Blundy led a remarkably interesting life, and so it is disappointing that his daughter should have contrived to make an account of hers with him so remarkably boring.

What Anna had to eat is perhaps the prevailing theme throughout the book - jelly trifle here, oriental chicken salad there, but usually oysters. She also likes to tell us what she had on when visiting the hospital where her father died, she didn't want to seem morbid. "So I wore a white dress".

The likeness of tone and content between childhood diary extracts - "1981: Today I painted each nail a different colour", and the book - "I watched the El Salvador dust

and sweat trickle through my newly painted toes. Darlene had recommended cherry red" - is unfortunate, suggesting that her editor forgot to tell her the difference between thoughtful detail and the stuff best left out.

Hidden among this is a book which could have been fascinating. Over dinner with Jon Snow ("bite sized pieces of squid", she asks, "How could he leave a child in England, and go off to the other side of the world?") This is the question Anna Blundy could have set out to answer; the paradox of the loving father, driven to be absent by what Snow called a compulsion, is worthy of examination. Instead, we get only flashes of the daughter's resentment, pride and confusion, but these are never analysed, usually because there is another dinner to be described instead.

In the end, many readers might prefer that she hadn't written the book at all. One wants to feel nothing but sympathy for a young woman who has lost her father, but the book manages to make this difficult, what with all the self-involved, and often self-aggrandising, trivia. At one point, she even shows us a letter of condolence from a woman she's never met, who praises Anna's "accomplishments, your wisdom, your humour".

She also relates being told by a drunken hack at a party that her journalism, unlike her father's, is "crap". This was her worst ever "competing with Dad evening", preying on her fears of unfavourable comparisons. You can't help wishing she had remembered that party before embarking on a book which would encourage others to do the same.

The Loafer

Hodder is learning the hard way that you should never work with animals. After paying a reported £85,000 for Michael Allin's Zaira - the true story of an 18th-century giraffe which walked from Marcellus to Paris after being shipped from Abyssinia - it decided to fly a group of booksellers and literary editors out to La Rochelle to see the poor beast in all its stuffed splendour. The American agent Michael Carlisle went along for the ride. It was particularly unfortunate then when engine trouble struck and the plane was grounded. Carlisle knew that all was not well when he spied a technician standing at the plane's wing, drawing a finger across his throat.



Chris Smith spoke movingly for all persecuted authors at the Arts Council Writers' Awards, designed to encourage impoverished young artists with their works in progress. Jolly decent of him to chuckle over the

abem - mixed reception of his recent masterpiece, *Creative Britain*, but unsurprising that he still harbours thoughts of revenge against one of his chief critics, his former parliamentary colleague George Walden, who dubbed it an "appalling book, a small tragedy", and Smith himself "aesthetically crass". "I'm looking forward to reviewing George's new book" was all Smith would say. But maybe he - and eager readers everywhere - will be denied the chance. Word is that Walden's foray into fiction has come unstuck and that his unlikely-sounding novel about dwarfs has failed to find a publisher.

The authorised biography of Margaret Thatcher is to be written by Daily Telegraph editor Charles Moore and published by Penguin. It will only appear after the great lady's

death, leading one to wonder whether, with her famous iron will, she might outlive her biographer. On the other hand the touted advance of £750,000 might inspire Moore to live long enough to finish the task.

A cautionary tale for any publishers eyeing a move into journalism. Joanna Prior, who in January made the unlikely move from her job as publicity director of Fourth Estate to the editorship of the Sunday Telegraph magazine, has swiftly vacated the chair after a dramatic falling out with the delightful Dominic Lawson. After this rocky introduction to the world of newspapers, she may regret her breeziness when the appointment was announced: "Journalism is no mystery when you've been doing what I've been doing for eight years."

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London Review OF BOOKS
ENGAGING THE MIND

weekend sport

Saturday June 20 1998 www.football.guardian.co.uk/worldcup

Inside

Newsline

Super Eagles fly

Nigeria do Africa proud by becoming the third team to qualify for the second round of France 98. A 1-0 win over Bulgaria, thanks to a goal by Victor Ikpeba (right), confirmed them as one of the tournament's most exciting teams **page 22**



Ones to watch

Sister pact

Behind the scenes with Venus and Serena Williams as they get ready to take Wimbledon by storm **page 24**

Fast blanche

How Martin Lee's costly race battle to win his place at the US Open. Bill Elliott trails the most famous limp in golf around the Olympic course **page 27**



Inside stories



On other pages

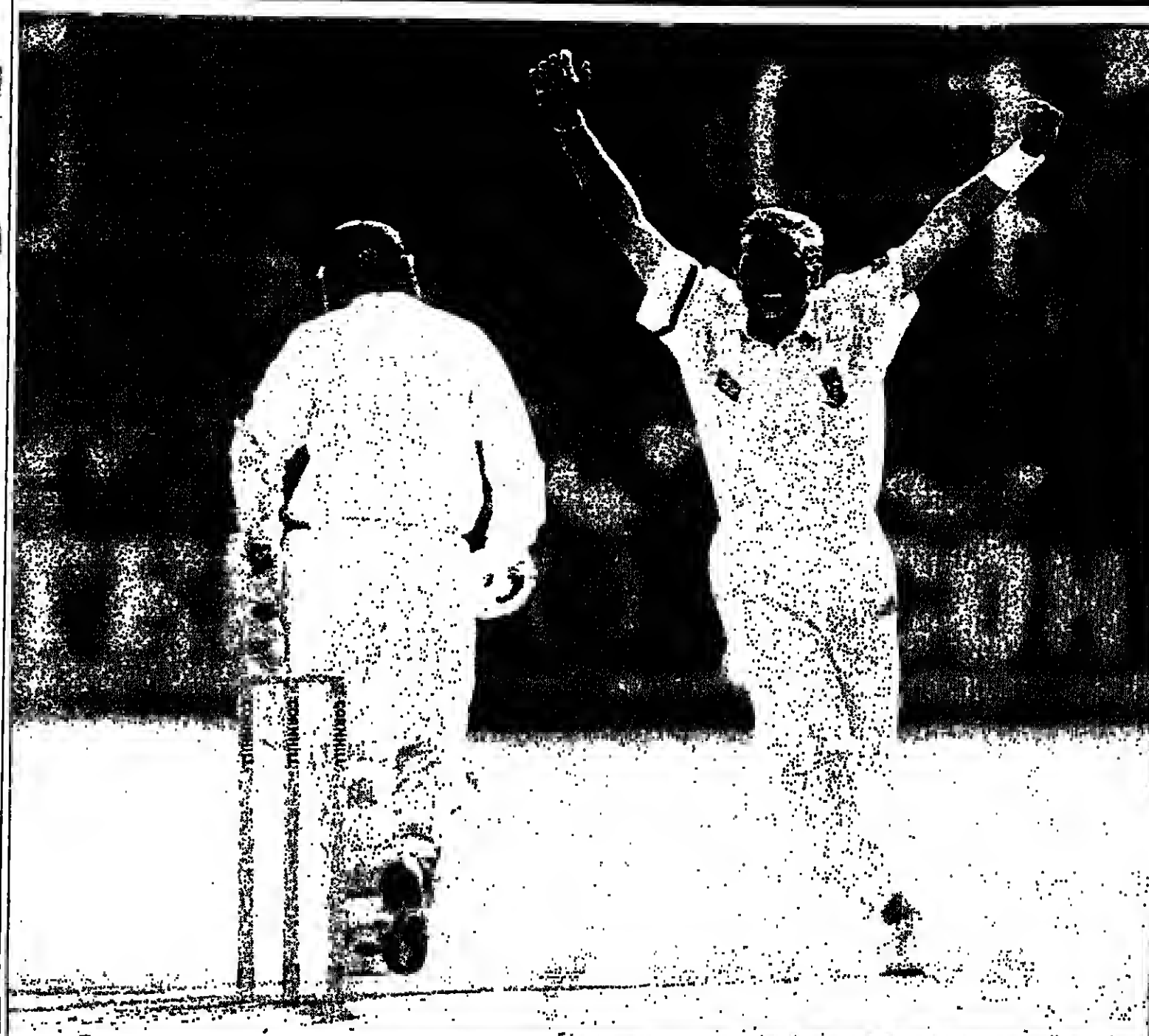
Racing

Chris Hawkins and Laura Thompson on the final day of Royal Ascot 27
David Eapey 29
Harry Pearson 28

Adrenaline rush

France 98 fever has scaled such heights in Thailand that plans to launch a new political party have been put on hold. Locals are so gripped by the action that the millionaire Thaksin Shinawatra has decided to wait until after July 12.

Stewart's side surrender the initiative



Up in arms... Allan Donald celebrates capturing the wicket of debutant Steve James as England's batsmen are made to suffer. PHOTOGRAPH: CLIVE MASON

England v South Africa: second Test, second day

England under the cosh

Mike Selvey at Lord's sees South Africa's fast masters exact some instant revenge

ALLAN DONALD and Shaun Pollock began to exact a terrible revenge on England in the evening sunlight at Lord's yesterday. Humiliated at Edgbaston with a display of bowling so off beam that sabotage to the guidance system might have been suspected, the pair steamed in, cranking the Speedster measuring device up to the 90mph mark and beyond, and in 13 overs, ripping into the England batting.

By the close of the second day, Nasser Hussain and Dean Headley, who had been sent in as nightwatchman, were left clinging on by their fingernails to the superstructure of the England innings as much as the South African batsmen had done in the first session of the match.

In the space of three deliveries during a torrid opening, Pollock and Donald — the latter doubtless fired up by an ill-adviced blow in the ribs from Headley — disposed of Mike Atherton without scoring, and his latest opening partner, Steve James, for nine, and Pollock followed up by having Alec Stewart lbw for 14 in the penultimate over. On a pitch that was essentially on the slow side — but now that the sun had been on it, already showing signs of erratic bounce — it was str-

ring, not to say ominous stuff, for South Africa in Tests, beating the 157 added by Tony Pithey and John Waite against M.J.K. Smith's tourists at Johannesburg in 1990 — before they were panned. Cronje made 81, but Rhodes, out for 95 in the first Test, went on to reach 117, his second Test century, before he was caught behind by Stewart off the inside edge, just as he had been in Birmingham.

There was further inconvenience from Mark Boucher (35) and Lance Klusener (34),

who added 67 for the eighth wicket before Dominic Cork finished the innings by having Paul Adams caught behind, giving Stewart his fifth catch of the innings and Cork figures of six for 119, further evidence of his re-emergence as a strike bowler of true international quality.

South Africa's 360 — cobbled, remember, from the depths of 46 for four and having been put in — was their highest in 12 matches at Lord's.

Rhodes has been a revelation. Whizz-bang fielder he may be — arguably the finest and certainly the most gymnastic game has seen — but it would not be doing him an injustice to say that as an international batsman he has been a terrific hockey player.

The figures tell their own story: since he first played for his country in 1992, he has played 52 innings in 33 Tests, and a further 124 in 135 one-day internationals as well as 200 in 200 Test matches.

More than 200 Test matches in South African colours, in other words, and yesterday's innings was only his fourth century. Fielding has given him a head start, but he began this tour as a fringe candidate for the Test series.

Instead, an innings against Gloucestershire — as good as he has played since that day — witnessed it — elevated him to the status of major player and now his name will be stencilled onto the honours

board in the visitors' dressing room at Lord's.

It is quite a transformation, and it had its genesis more than a year ago when, it seems, he recognised that there could be no cross-fertilisation where his two sports were concerned. So radical has been the tightening of his technique, that half of his 10 first-class centuries have come in the past 12 months. He plays straight and with purpose in defence now, drives enthusiastically, scampers singles off his hip, and cuts heartily. Good all-round play.

He suffered palpitations yesterday only after lunch when nearing his hundred. He had made 93 when Cronje failed a drive to extra cover to end their association; when 95 he was lbw to Headley's leg-cutter in the eyes of everyone but George Sharp, the one who mattered; and when 97 the same bowler rattled his brains with a bouncer. "I felt a little bit of a bump," he subsequently admitted. "It came front on; it wasn't something I couldn't handle. Devon Malcolm hit me on the temple in 1994. This time it made me concentrate even harder."

Not that this easy to discern. The subsequently mistimed pull off Cork with which he reached his century might as readily have gone to hand as into the spaces at midwicket. His muted response to the acclaim was probably not so much indifference as the fact that he hadn't a clue where he was.

Scoreboard

SOUTH AFRICA

First innings (overseas): 326-4

W.J. Cronje c Ramprakash b Ealham 117

J.M. Rhodes c Stewart b Frost 119

S.M. Pollock c Hussain b Cork 14

M.V. Boucher b Stewart b Headley 35

Klusek c Headley 34

A.A. Donald not out 7

P.R. Adams c Stewart b Cork 3

Extras (b1, lb2, nb8) 27

Total (108 overs) 360

Fall of wickets: 230, 273, 283, 340, 353

South Africa's first Test: 31-8-78-1, Cork 31-5-5-119-2; Headley 22-2-69-2; Ealham 19-2-50-1; Cork 9-3-25-0

ENGLAND

First innings

S.P. James c Boucher b Donald 10

M.A. Atherton c Kirsten b Pollock 10

N. Hussain not out 14

T.A.J. Stewart lbw b Pollock 14

D.W. Headley not out 6

Extras (b1, lb2, nb1) 6

Total (for 5, 13 overs) 40

Fall of wickets: 15, 15, 40

To bat: G.P. Thorpe, M.R. Ramprakash, M.A. Ealham, D.G. Cork, R.D.B. Croft, A.R.C. Frost

Bowling: Donald 7-2-15-1; Pollock 6-3-25-2

Umpires: G. Sharp and D. B. Hall

FRANCE 98

DAY 11

Group H

Japan v Croatia

O Venue Stade de la Beaujoire, Nantes

O Kick-off 4.30pm BST

O Referee Ramesh Ramchand (Trinidad and Tobago)

O Previous meetings 1997 Japan 4-0 Croatia

O Injuries Croatia's captain Zvonimir Boban is doubtful (leg muscle)

O On a yellow card

Masami Hara, Eusebio Nakashiki, Takashi Hirano (all Japan), Zvonimir Soldo (Croatia)

O Live on TV Japan 1-0 Croatia

Highlights on BBC 1 8.15pm

Group E

Belgium v Mexico

O Venue Parc Leodien, Brussels

O Kick-off 7.45pm BST

O Referee Hugh Dallas (Scotland)

O Previous meetings 1994 Belgium 3-0 Mexico

1970 Mexico 2-1 Belgium

1966 Mexico 2-0 Belgium

1950 Mexico 2-0 Belgium

O Injuries Belgium's captain Franky Van Der Elst is doubtful (groin strain)

O On a yellow card

Lorenzo Stacione, Eric Deflandre (Belgium), Jaime Ortiz (Mexico), Alberto Garcia Aspe (Mexico)

O Live on TV Belgium 1-0 Mexico

Highlights on BBC 1 8.15pm

Group E

South Korea v Hungary

O Venue Stade Velodrome, Marseille

O Kick-off 7.45pm BST

O Referee Ryszard Wójcik (Poland)

O Previous meetings 1994 South Korea 1-0 Hungary

1990 Hungary 1-0 South Korea

1986 Hungary 1-0 South Korea

O Injuries South Korea's top scorer Hwang Sun-Hong is out (knee injury)

O On a yellow card

Lee Min-Sung (South Korea)

O Live on TV South Korea 1-0 Hungary

Highlights on BBC 1 8.15pm

Group E

Yugoslavia v Brazil

O Venue Stade Velodrome, Marseille

O Kick-off 7.45pm BST

O Referee Ryszard Wójcik (Poland)

O Previous meetings 1994 Yugoslavia 1-0 Brazil

1990 Brazil 1-0 Yugoslavia

1986 Yugoslavia 1-0 Brazil

O Injuries Yugoslavia's top scorer Vukobratovic is out (knee injury)

O On a yellow card

Devon Malcolm (England)

O Live on TV Yugoslavia 1-0 Brazil

Highlights on BBC 1 8.15pm

Group E

Yugoslavia v Brazil

O Venue Stade Velodrome, Marseille

O Kick-off 7.45pm BST

O Referee Ryszard Wójcik (Poland)

O Previous meetings 1994 Yugoslavia 1-0 Brazil

1990 Brazil 1-0 Yugoslavia

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O Live on TV Yugoslavia 1-0 Brazil

Highlights on BBC 1 8.15pm

The Second Coming

ABBOF ALE WORSHIPPED SINCE 1792

Road to the final



P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Brazil	2	2	0	0	0	6
Norway	2	0	0	0	0	6
Scotland	2	0	1	1	2	3
Morocco	2	0	1	1	2	3

Group A	Group B	Group C	Group D	Group E	Group F	Group G	Group H
Brazil	Costa Rica	France	Nigeria	Spain	Germany	Italy	Belgium
Paraguay	Yugoslavia	Denmark	Bulgaria	South Korea	United States	England	France
Colombia	China	Sweden	Spain	South Korea	United States	England	France
Paraguay	Yugoslavia	Denmark	Bulgaria	South Korea	United States	England	France

P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Italy	2	1	0	0	0	6
Chile	2	0	0	0	0	6
Austria	2	0	0	0	0	6
Cameroon	2	0	1	1	2	3

Group A	Group B	Group C	Group D	Group E	Group F	Group G	Group H
Italy	Chile	Austria	Cameroon	Spain	Germany	Italy	Belgium
Paraguay	Yugoslavia	Denmark	Bulgaria	South Korea	United States	England	France
Colombia	China	Sweden	Spain	South Korea	United States	England	France
Paraguay	Yugoslavia	Denmark	Bulgaria	South Korea	United States	England	France



Winning dance... Nigeria's Victor Ikpeba, second left, sprints away after scoring the only goal at Parc des Princes

Group D: Nigeria 1 Bulgaria 0

Ikpeba inspires new dreams

Richard Williams in Paris sees Nigeria's Super Eagles soar on with clipped wings

ONE-TO-ONE to the Nigerians? Doesn't sound right, somehow. Nigeria are the team who love danger, who act as if making a comeback from a position of peril were some of the point of the game. That was how they beat Brazil and Argentina to win the Olympic gold medal two years ago, and it was how they announced their presence in the 1998 World Cup last week, with that tumultuous defeat of Spain. So although yesterday's victory over Bulgaria at Parc des Princes earned them qualification to the tournament's second round, it was hardly a typical performance.

Those of us who were entranced by their triumph in the Olympics, and who interpreted it as *prima facie* evidence of their ability to become Africa's first World Cup champions, will have seen mixed signals yesterday. After taking the lead through a wonderful goal by Victor Ikpeba just before the half-hour, Nigeria played entertaining football without managing to increase the margin. It was as if they needed Bulgaria to score if they wanted to raise the level of their own game. And Bulgaria, although geographically closer and closer to drawing level as the game

wore on. There was a dreadful miss by Hristo Stoichkov after 65 minutes, when he side-footed wide after Emil Kostadinov had beaten the entire left flank of the Nigerian defence and cut the ball back, followed by a piece of bad luck for Kostadinov himself when, with five minutes to go, he fastened on to Taribo West's headed clearance just inside the area, bested Mutiu Adegboju with a sublime Cruyff turn, and smashed the ball against Peter Rufa's crossbar.

No doubt Nigeria would have found a reply, had either chance been made to count. But the coaches of other teams will have found some comfort in the comparatively lax manner they defended their lead. They never seemed really interested in emulating the 3-0 score with which they defeated the same opponents in Dallas four years ago, in their first-ever match in the World Cup finals.

With a fit Daniel Amokachi taking his place in the line-up, Bora Milutinovic fielded a side whose balance suggested a concentration on attack. By the end of the match he had also given Nwankwo Kanu, Tijani Babangida and Rashidi Yekini a chance to stretch their legs, which means that, in effect, he now has two complete forward lines ready to go. But the selection of Mutiu Adegboju in place of the

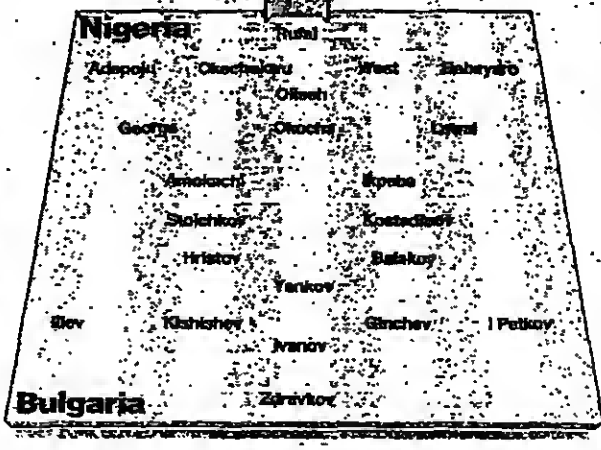
Match stats

	Nig	Bul
Possession	52%	48%
Attempts on target	5	4
Attempts off target	10	13
Corners	7	9
Fouls	13	19
Offsides	1	4
Bookings	4	2

But when Stoichkov drove the ball from 25 yards into Rufa's midriff, and Krastimir Balakov only just failed to lob the goalkeeper, there was a feeling that even a misfiring Bulgaria might fumble their way back into the match. The second half, in which Uche Okocha, Ikpeba and Okocha followed Adegboju into the referee's book, found Nigeria open on the back foot, with Balakov's left foot threatening to open them up. For Uche, Nigeria's captain, this was a second yellow card, costing him a place in the final group match against Paraguay.

Kanu's arrival with 25 minutes to go was a welcome sight since it was he, as a 19-year-old, who captained and inspired Nigeria to their success in Athens, Georgia two years ago before undergoing surgery for a serious heart condition. Several of his harbingers of the sort of damage he may be causing as Nigeria continue their fascinating progress. Like the rest of the squad, he appears to see no reason why, when it really counts, his team should ever lose a game of football.

Okocha, the star of the team's opening match, and the potential superstar of the tournament, put his tricks on show in the first half, narrowly failing to flick the ball over Zdravko Zdravkov on the half-hour and firing narrowly wide on the stroke of the interval. Sunday Okocha, who scored the winner against Spain, again took time off from his anchor role in mid-



Calderwood set to return to Scottish camp with no real chance of playing remaining games

Hadji defies injury rumours

Patrick Glenn in St Remy

RUMOUR is the hardest currency at any World Cup, at times seemingly impervious to all attempts at devaluation. Yesterday's, typically, took some time to debunk. The scufflebutt from the Moroccan camp at Aix-en-Provence, a mere 30 minutes from Scotland's headquarters, claimed that Mustapha Hadji, the North Africans' most influential player, had been injured in training.

The significance of this intelligence is that the Scots are due to face Morocco in the final Group A match in St Etienne on Tuesday, with a clear opportunity to progress to the second round for the first time. Any diminishment of Hadji's strength would enhance the prospects of Craig Brown's team. Hadji, however, spoke to Moroccan journalists soon after the morning session, with no apparent invalidity. What is true is that he has been playing with a broken toe an injury that requires an injection before each match.

The Scots, as ever, will proceed on the assumption that Morocco will be as strong as they can be, although the midfielder, Said Chiba, is out of the match, suspended because of two yellow cards. Darren Jackson, the Scotland striker, is similarly unavailable. There is also some genuine doubt over Billy McKinlay, the Blackburn midfielder, whose abdominal strain is still causing discomfort. Be missed training yesterday, although with another three days before the game, he has time on his side.

Alex Miller, Brown's assistant, said that he expected "very few changes" to the Scots' line-up, suggesting that the team which finished the 1-1 draw with Norway in Bordeaux last Tuesday will start against Morocco. Colin Calderwood, the Spurs defender who sustained a double fracture of his right hand in that match, had an operation in London on Thursday and is expected to rejoin the party this afternoon. But, despite the persistent claim from Miller that the player could be allowed — in the event of the Scots qualifying — to play in a second-round match, probably against Italy, next Saturday, Calderwood has virtually no chance of resuming.

He himself is resigned to several weeks of recuperation, having been told by specialists that another fall on the hand could cause serious, permanent damage. Craig Brown missed yesterday's media conference in order to edit tapes of the Moroccan camp, so that serious preparations could begin last night. Along with Miller, he is convinced that the Scots' destiny is in their own hands, dismissing the suggestion that Brazil will take it easy against Norway in their game to be played simultaneously.

"The Brazilians won't want to upset their own rhythm with any of that nonsense," said Miller. We are all around 30 now and this is the last chance for our generation to do something big," said the 25-year-old Croatia Zdravko Zdravkov. "We are all around 30 now and this is the last chance for our generation to do something big," said the 25-year-old Croatia Zdravko Zdravkov.



Taking it easy... Billy McKinlay watches training with Gordon Durie

Hooijdonk set to end Dutch selection crisis

Hooijdonk set to end Dutch selection crisis

HOLLAND are experiencing a selection crisis ahead of today's game with South Korea, writes Martin Thorpe. The problem for the coach Guus Hiddink is who to play up-front alongside the fit-up-front Dennis Bergkamp. One idea is to move Ronald Koeman from midfield, but there is a growing feeling that Hiddink will plump for the Nottingham Forest striker Pierre van Hooijdonk.

The Croatian playmaker Robert Prosinecki knows his and his veteran teammates' time in the international arena may almost be over 11 years after winning the World Youth Championships with Yugoslavia. "We are all around 30 now and this is the last chance for our generation to do something big," said the 25-year-old Croatia Zdravko Zdravkov. "We are all around 30 now and this is the last chance for our generation to do something big," said the 25-year-old Croatia Zdravko Zdravkov.

P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Germany	1	1	0	0	0	3
Yugoslavia	1	0	0	0	0	3
Iran	1	0	0	0	0	3
US	1	0	0	0	0	3

Group A	Group B	Group C	Group D	Group E	Group F	Group G	Group H
Germany	Yugoslavia	Iran	US	France	Nigeria	Spain	Germany
Paraguay	Yugoslavia	Denmark	Bulgaria	South Korea	United States	England	France
Colombia	China	Sweden	Spain	South Korea	United States	England	France
Paraguay	Yugoslavia	Denmark	Bulgaria	South Korea	United States	England	France

P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
England	1	1	0	0	0	3
Romania	1	0	0	0	0	3
Colombia	1	0	0	0	0	3
Tunisia	1	0	0	0	0	3

Group A	Group B	Group C	Group D	Group E	Group F	Group G	Group H
England	Romania	Colombia	Tunisia	France	Nigeria	Spain	Germany
Paraguay	Yugoslavia	Denmark	Bulgaria	South Korea	United States	England	France
Colombia	China	Sweden	Spain	South Korea	United States	England	France
Paraguay	Yugoslavia	Denmark	Bulgaria	South Korea	United States	England	France

P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Croatia	1	1	0	0	0	3
Japan	1	0	0	0	0	3
Jamaica	1	0	0	0	0	3
Argentina	1	0	0	0	0	3

Group A	Group B	Group C	Group D	Group E	Group F	Group G	Group H
Croatia	Japan	Jamaica	Argentina	France	Nigeria	Spain	Germany
Paraguay	Yugoslavia	Denmark	Bulgaria	South Korea	United States	England	France
Colombia	China	Sweden	Spain	South Korea	United States	England	France
Paraguay	Yugoslavia	Denmark	Bulgaria	South Korea	United States	England	France

SECOND ROUND

Group A	Group B	Group C	Group D	Group E	Group F	Group G	Group H
Germany	Yugoslavia	Iran	US	France	Nigeria	Spain	Germany
Paraguay	Yugoslavia	Denmark	Bulgaria	South Korea	United States	England	France
Colombia	China	Sweden	Spain	South Korea	United States	England	France
Paraguay	Yugoslavia	Denmark	Bulgaria	South Korea	United States	England	France

QUARTER FINALS

Group A	Group B	Group C	Group D	Group E	Group F	Group G	Group H
Germany	Yugoslavia	Iran	US	France	Nigeria	Spain	Germany
Paraguay	Yugoslavia	Denmark	Bulgaria	South Korea	United States	England	France
Colombia	China	Sweden	Spain	South Korea	United States	England	France
Paraguay	Yugoslavia	Denmark	Bulgaria	South Korea	United States	England	France

SEMI FINALS

Group A	Group B	Group C	Group D	Group E	Group F	Group G	Group H
Germany	Yugoslavia	Iran	US	France	Nigeria	Spain	Germany
Paraguay	Yugoslavia	Denmark	Bulgaria	South Korea	United States	England	France
Colombia	China	Sweden	Spain	South Korea	United States	England	France
Paraguay	Yugoslavia	Denmark	Bulgaria	South Korea	United States	England	France

3RD/4TH PLACE PLAY-OFF

Group A	Group B	Group C	Group D	Group E	Group F	Group G	Group H
Germany	Yugoslavia	Iran	US	France	Nigeria	Spain	Germany
Paraguay	Yugoslavia	Denmark	Bulgaria	South Korea	United States	England	France
Colombia	China	Sweden	Spain	South Korea	United States	England	France
Paraguay	Yugoslavia	Denmark	Bulgaria	South Korea	United States	England	France

FINAL

Group A	Group B	Group C	Group D	Group E	Group F	Group G	Group H
Germany	Yugoslavia	Iran	US	France	Nigeria	Spain	Germany
Paraguay	Yugoslavia	Denmark	Bulgaria	South Korea	United States	England	France
Colombia	China	Sweden	Spain	South Korea	United States	England	France
Paraguay	Yugoslavia	Denmark	Bulgaria	South Korea	United States	England	France

Winner of first semi-final
Winner of second semi-final
Sunday, July 12 - St-Denis (8pm)

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France 98

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Every Wednesday in the

The Guardian

France 98

No logic in punishing England for the antics of the wild bunch who refuse to mend their ways

David Lacey

IN THE World Cup, for the past 72 hours, Toulouse will be the centre of attention for most of the right reasons but many of the wrong ones.

England's match against Romania in the Stade Municipal on Monday will decide the terms on which Glenn Hoddle's players enter the second round, assuming they get there at all. The result will also determine the depth of English embarrassment which will linger all the time the team stay in the competition.

After the rioting by English fans in Marseille, which accompanied last Monday's opening 2-0 victory in the Stade Vélodrome, the game in Toulouse will become the focus for a wide variety of interested parties.

The teams, their coaches and the backroom staff, the match officials and the accompanying sports journalists and commentators will be there for the football. So will the several thousand travelling English supporters whose impeccable behaviour inside the stadium in Marseille offered such a bright contrast to the ugliness outside.

The riot police, with their shields, batons and CS gas at the ready, will be there to meet violence with violence. The news media, cameras all set to roll, will be at their shoulders. And, back home, a

whole army of pundits, politicians, psychologists and professional prattlers will seek to rationalise it all and apportion blame.

The hooligan industry, in short, would appear once again to be alive and kicking. It has even managed to provide a spot of light relief in the person of the eccentric MP and historian Alan Clark, who has compared the scenes in Marseille to the Eton wall game and believes the violent behaviour of those who caused the trouble can be excused because of what he claims is a widespread level of prejudice against English people abroad.

Well, there may be a certain degree of antipathy towards those who, in the name of England, smash up bars and cafes, terrorise their customers, beat up foreigners for the offence of being foreign

and throw chairs at passing cars. But back in Le Baule, when the England players flew in from Marseille, the locals turned out to congratulate them and the following morning a large party of schoolchildren were the Football Association's guests at a training session.

La Baule is the sort of seaside resort where a sharp intake of breath might be mistaken for a civil disturbance. Compared to Marseille it is on the planet Neptune.

The argument that England should be ejected from the competition because of the violent behaviour of 400 out of a total English following in Marseille of some 20,000 has no logic.

England are in the position of the pedestrian who inadvertently steps in some dog's business. Until they can

wipe their shoes they will be accompanied by a bad smell which is not of their making. Nobody would suggest, however, that they should be prosecuted for fouling the pavement.

Yet even if England are not the cause of renewed English hooliganism abroad they may find it hard to escape the effects if the remaining group games in Toulouse and Lens, and perhaps later matches in Bordeaux or St Etienne, and Lyon or, Heaven forbid, Marseille again, produce further trouble.

ENGLAND's place in the present World Cup would be jeopardised only if matches were frequently disrupted by crowd violence inside the stadiums, and there has been no sign of this happening. But, in September, Hoddle's team

will begin the task of qualifying for the 2000 European Championship in Holland and Belgium, both even more conveniently situated for the revived hooligan export trade.

In September, England go to Stockholm for an opening qualifier against Sweden, whose security forces would have been alerted by memories of what happened in Malmö during the 1992 European Championship, even if there had been no trouble in France. There is also a match in Luxembourg, who in 1983 vowed never to have England back after visiting fans had trashed the stadium for a second time.

After English clubs had been banned from Europe following the Heysel tragedy in 1985, the FA had to do some hard talking at UEFA to win acceptance for England to

compete in the next European Championship. Much more violence in this World Cup and the exercise may have to be repeated.

What price now the FA's decision to switch its vote for the FIFA presidency from Lennart Johansson, the Swedish president of UEFA, to Sepp Blatter, the eventual winner, in the hope of enhancing its chances of hosting the next World Cup but one?

Having first experienced the violent excesses of English fans abroad before many of those responsible for the latest riot were born, it is difficult to be angry, disgusted or sad any more. They came on in the same old way, they were met in the same old way and it was reported in the same old way.

The next generation will probably be at it 20 years from now. Plus ça change...

A case of two halves

Brian DIARY

Martin Thorpe



THOSE who despair at the power the World Cup exerts on the global imagination should read on and weep even more.

In Iran the trial of Teheran's mayor or on corruption charges has been put back four days to allow "the population to follow the sensitive and important match with the US," says the judge.

Similarly at Southwark Crown Court in London, jurors in one case were spared the mental demands of concentrating on justice while England played Tunisia last Monday.

Ted Raynham, the deputy court manager, explained: "The judges in this case gave the jury a break as they had been considering their verdict for a week and as they were under a great deal of pressure it was thought they might not be able to concentrate properly." The jurors' verdict on England's performance is not known.

Finally, someone soon to be seen in court is the chap in Romania who was watching the game against Colombia on television when his wife came in and switched it off. The chap promptly murdered her. He then ran out of the house — to watch the rest of the game down at the local bar.

ENGLAND have Eileen Drewery, Monday's opponent Romania have Ian Bonar, a local druid who has travelled to France to present the team's coach Anghel Iordanescu with a magic elixir.

This the players have to smear on their faces before a game and then cross themselves three times. It is unclear whether they have followed this advice, but according to the official World Cup programme the Romanians have another trick up their sleeve anyway.

"They are capable of taking many people by surprise," it reads, "with their superb ball-handling skills."

THOSE up-market accessories makers Louis Vuitton are advertising a special gift made especially to give to the France 98 widow. "It's a good way for a man to say sorry for all the time he spends watching the World Cup on television," says the advert hopefully.

Hopefully? The item on offer is none other than a silver bracelet — complete with football, whistle and boot.

DESPITE the fact that Brian Moore is covering his ninth World Cup, he does not always get recognised for his story of the man who approached him one day when he was out walking near his Kent home.

"Excuse me," said the passer-by, "don't I know you?" "How about football commentator?" Moore prompted helpfully.

"No, no, that's not it," replied the man, still struggling to put a name to the face. Then, suddenly, an expression of triumph lit up his features.

"I know," said the man, "you sweep up at Bromley bus garage."

LOCAL FIFA representatives in Bordeaux got a hit steamed up over last Monday's plans to hold a reception for the newly arrived Scottish players' wives. Refreshments included tea — 10 litres of it. Of course, hardly anyone in France drinks the stuff. And only an emergency appeal for kettles in the surrounding area prevented the women from having to forego their cups.

Hoddle voices his fears as referees start to see red

David Lacey hears the England coach call for common sense as Blatter's views are put into play with predictable results

GLENN HODDLE fears the World Cup will be ruined as a spectacle if referees go beyond their brief of eliminating tackles from behind and show players yellow and red cards for any offence because they believe FIFA expects it.

"It's not going to be a positive step for the tournament if we start getting matches reduced to eight-a-side or nine-a-side," he said. "The England coach said yesterday: 'As long as the referees punish the tackle from behind when somebody's coming through you, that's fine. Let's not get carried away with disarming yellow and red cards, right and centre just because someone wants it.'"

That someone is Sepp Blatter, the new president of FIFA, who earlier this week issued a fresh edict to World Cup referees. Concerned that Morocco's Said Chiba had not been punished for planting a set of studs under his boot on Ronaldo's left thigh in Nantes on Tuesday, he ordered officials to be stricter.

Carter sent off Saudi Arabia's Mohammed Al-Khilaifi for a mistimed challenge from the side and then showed France's Zinedine Zidane the red card for stamping on Amin Foad Anwar. Of all the dismissals that of Zidane brooked the least argument.

The last time three players had been sent off in a World Cup proper was in the 1954 tournament in Switzerland when an English referee, Arthur Ellis, found himself in the middle of a fracas between Brazil and Hungary which will always be remembered as the Battle of Bern.

While FIFA is rightly concerned that such outstanding talents as Ronaldo should not be consistently backed down, Ronaldo's response to Blatter's orders showed how potentially exciting matches could be spoilt by officious refereeing.

This is what happened in the last World Cup when Mexico and Bulgaria met in New Jersey. Syria's Jamal Al-Shariff sent off a player from each side for small offences but allowed more serious fouls to go unpunished.

the Japanese official, Masayoshi Okada. A French referee, Marc Batta, will be in charge next time.

Batta caused controversy during the qualifiers last September when Germany played Portugal in Berlin. The Portuguese were leading 1-0 late in the game when he decided they were wasting time over a substitution and gave the replacement a red card. Ulf Kirsten then equalised against 10 men and Germany went on to qualify while Portugal missed out.

"As a Frenchman he will certainly want to stay in the tournament and referee other games," Hoddle mused, "so we've got to be vigilant. He will probably be strict."

Before the World Cup England recruited Paul Durkin, a FIFA official who will be in charge of Italy's match against Austria at St-Denis on Tuesday, to advise them of what to expect from referees during the tournament. After what happened on Thursday the squad have been reprimanded of the situation by Hoddle and his assistants.

"As a coach, controlled aggression is always what you're looking for from your players," Hoddle explained, "but a lot depends on the referee. The real test comes when you're 1-0 down and are having to win back possession more quickly. Hopefully we won't be in that situation."

Paul Ince, one of whose tackles is featured in the FIFA video specifying the sort of fouls they want to see punished severely, consoled himself with the thought that as a midfielder most of his challenges were made head on.

"But you can't get away with anything now, so we'll have to be extra careful," he added.

Only one England player has been sent off in a World Cup proper. Ray Wilkins was dismissed against Morocco in Monterrey in 1986 for a second bookable offence after he had disputed a decision by throwing the ball towards the Paraguayan referee.

"Players have to be protected," said Blatter. "So far only one person has been sent off because of a tackle from behind and I have seen many more. The refereeing should improve."

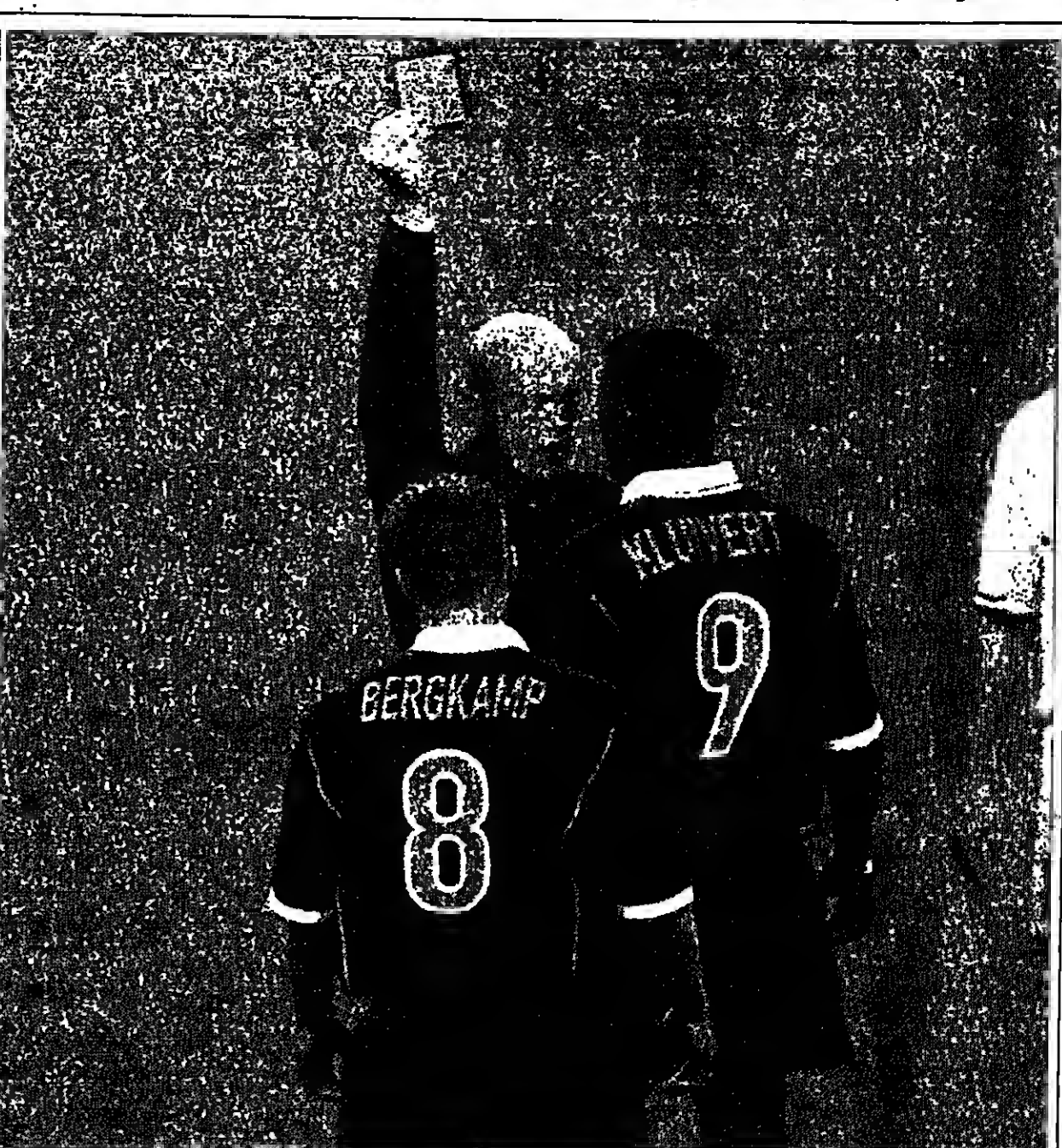
The effect of these words was dramatic. The first 20 matches in the World Cup yielded four red cards but the next two produced five.

John Jairo Toro Rendón, the Colombian in charge of Thursday's match in Toulouse, dismissed two Danes, Mikos Molnar and Morten Wieghorst, and a South African Alfred Phiri. Only Wieghorst had committed a tackle from behind.

On Thursday night, at St-Denis, the Mexican Arturo Brizola

Hoddle fully supports the campaign to eliminate the tackle from behind. "This has to be right for the game," he said yesterday. "A lot more defenders in this World Cup are staying on their feet and that makes them better defenders. From a positive point of view you can join up from midfield a lot easier and that is much better for the attacking player."

England's immediate concern, however, is Monday's match against Romania in Toulouse, the first they will play since Blatter intervened in Marseille, although Sol Campbell was booked for a foul late in the game against Tunisia, Hoddle's players were generally at ease with



In the red... Kluivert is dismissed against Belgium by the Italian referee Pierluigi Collina

PHOTOGRAPH: THOMAS COEX

Orange with a bitter twist

Roy Collins says the banned Patrick Kluivert will be hoping Holland reach the second round and that he can solve their striking problem

THE decline and fall, at least temporarily, of the striker Patrick Kluivert has caused a great deal of trouble for the Dutch fans who expect their footballers, like Caesar's wife and Dennis Bergkamp, to be beyond reproach.

Kluivert has intended to use this World Cup to disavow potential new club managers of the absurd notion that, at 21, he is all but washed up, and prove that off the field he is a mature new man who has outgrown his troubled past. Sadly, controversy snags at his heels as doggedly as defenders who, when physical intimidation does not work, have no shame in reminding him of the darkest moments during his short life as a world figure.

Thus Belgium's Lorenzo Staelens, while realising that names may not break bones, correctly judged that they were sticks which could break Kluivert's concentration, if not his spirit.

Kluivert was sent off after swallowing half, line and hook when Staelens shouted something which produced such a look of disbelief on his face that most onlookers assumed it must have been racist. In fact, the word, as Kluivert has since reportedly told a Dutch journalist, was not racist but rapist.

Adding false injury to his insult, Staelens then fell to the ground from a Kluivert blow to the chest which was no harder than anything thrown at Mike Tyson by Frank Bruno in their second world heavyweight title fight. Staelens has apologised for the dive, if not the insult, though the renewed damage to Kluivert's reputation is far more real than that to the Belgian's ribs. He is also suspended for the final two group games.

Officially, Kluivert will only say: "He reminded me in a very painful way of something that happened in my private life. I know I should have kept my temper but I couldn't handle it at that particular moment."

Kluivert and three friends were accused of gang rape soon after he arrived at Milan at the start of last season, while his girlfriend was in hospital expecting their first child. The case was dropped for lack of evidence four months ago, though the mud stuck to Kluivert, who 12 months earlier had been convicted of being drunk in charge of a car involved in a fatal accident. A jail sentence

comes to finding a new club, he is no longer in a seller's market.

Kluivert started 26 of Milan's 34 league games last season, though before long he stopped asking for whom the substitute's bell tolled when his coach rose from the bench. He finished just 12 of those games, scoring six goals, and on one occasion was replaced after a prolonged touchline argument with Milan's own fans.

In the past, Kluivert has shown remarkable mental strength and single-minded ambition to produce some of his best performances under the blackest clouds. While swatting the judge in the

baller has not been burned out already by the fires under his private life.

Bergkamp, bringing a spot of the Arsenal group-therapy technique to a normally argumentative Dutch camp, says: "We'll get Patrick back on track." But though the sympathy from his team-mates is genuine, some question whether he will ever be the same man, and player again.

The sending-off is a huge blow to Kluivert and the Dutch team, whose goalless draw against Belgium, the inhibiting factor of Low Countries rivalry notwithstanding, suggested they are not a team full of goals.

Bergkamp will start against South Korea here in Marseille tonight, though he admits he is not fully fit and doubts he will last 90 minutes. Alongside him in attack will be either Leeds's Jimmy Floyd Hasselbaink, who was uncapped before Holland qualified, or Pierre van Hooijdonk, who has scored five goals in 12 internationals.

Holland should have enough quality to take the necessary points against South Korea today and Mexico in St Etienne next Thursday to qualify for the next stage. But should the unthinkable happen, which is becoming the story of Kluivert's life, he will have to wait for another stage, another time, for redemption.

Some Dutch people are now wondering whether he can survive more slings and arrows

was later commuted to 240 hours' community service.

Life, and football, seemed so simple when Kluivert made his first-team debut for Ajax in August 1994, a month after his 18th birthday. Two years later, by which time he had won two league titles and scored the winning goal in the victory over Milan in the European Cup final, he was one of the hottest young properties in world football.

Fabio Capello, Milan's manager on the night of that 1-0 defeat in May 1996, was convinced enough by Kluivert's striking talent to lure him to the San Siro on wages of £17,000 a week. The move has ended in disillusionment both for the Italian fans expecting a new Marco van Basten and Kluivert himself, who has discovered that if and when it

"A COUNTRY DIVIDED. SHERINGHAM OR OWEN? NOUS OR POTENTIAL?"

See Monday's paper



Blatter and Platini split over rash of dismissals

Russell Thomas

AS France's playmaker Zinedine Zidane was suspended by FIFA for two World Cup matches and South Africa's Alfred Phiri for three games — the most severe punishment of these finals to date — a split appeared between the two men who had urged referees to crack down harder.

While FIFA's newly elected president Sepp Blatter, author of the midweek get-tough edict, announced that "Thursday's referees did their job properly", Mi-

chel Platini complained they "had gone too far" on that day, which saw five red and 11 yellow cards.

"I am happy they heard and understood my message," said Blatter. "Players had gone too far in the early matches — I think they have got the message now."

But Platini, head of the France 98 organising committee, said: "One moment they don't hand out enough cards and the next they hand out too many. The referees need to be a bit more careful."

FIFA's top officials, much to Blatter's chagrin, appear

to agree with Platini. Yesterday's departing president Josep Havelange and deputy secretary-general Michael Zetterlin met the referees to try to thrash out problems.

FIFA's spokesman Kish Cooper said yesterday: "FIFA is very satisfied with the technical level of referees in calling handballs and fouls etc., but there is room for improvement in how those infringements are punished."

"In the opening days there was too much leniency; yesterday in particular tended to be in the other direction. The theme for today is searching for the right balance."

Peter Schmeichel, who saw two Denmark team-mates sent off on Thursday, said: "The referee was lucky it was the Danish team and supporters. If that were to happen in the England v Romania game, it could cause trouble among the fans."

Miklos Molnar was banned for two games and Morten Wieghorst for one. Both miss Denmark's final Group C game with France next Wednesday. The South African Phiri's elbowing offence was deemed even more serious.

society

Every Wednesday in the

The Guardian

Wimbledon 98

Ghetto sisters out to show no mercy

As Wimbledon prepares to greet the new gang of teenie sensations, **Stephen Bierley** charts the inexorable growth of the Williams empire which promises to rule over them all

IT WAS A P G Wodehouse character who vehemently declared: "Sisters are a mistake. You should have set your face against them from the outset." Martina Hingis, the leading women's player in the world and reigning Wimbledon champion, might tend to agree.

"It's difficult to play the Williams family two matches in a row," Hingis remarked during this year's Lipton Championships in Key Biscayne, where the 17-year-old Swiss prodigy saved two match points against Serena Williams in the quarter-finals only to lose to her older sister Venus in the semi.

Hingis established herself as the world's youngest No. 1 last year with victories in three of the four Grand Slams and reinforced her position with a second Australian Open title in January.

But suddenly she is facing attacks from all sides. A rejuvenated Monica Seles beat her in the semi-finals of the French Open and now Steffi Graf, out injured for a year, is back and hunting for a remarkable eighth Wimbledon crown.

Meantime the American

Williams sisters, irrespective of Hingis, Seles, Graf or the fast improving Anna Kournikova, continue to insist that the future of women's tennis belongs in their hands. "They'll have to co-rank us No. 1," says 16-year-old Serena, Venus's junior by 15 months.

Both are exceptional athletes: Venus, seeded seventh for Wimbledon, is all arms and legs and well over six foot; Serena is smaller, muscular and much more sociable. Between them they have raised such a mighty wall of publicity that you might be tempted to believe the best of the rest are, or will be, mere also-rans.

As yet their actions only whisper when compared to their many words and off-court publicity stunts. Venus reached the final of the US Open at her first attempt last year, losing to Hingis, but failed to progress beyond the last eight in this year's Australian Open and at Roland Garros.

Serena, who many believe to be the better player, made her Grand Slam debut at Melbourne this year, losing to her sister in the second round, and then went down to Spain's



Arantxa Sanchez Vicario, the eventual champion, in the fourth round of the French Open having led her 6-4, 6-2.

Multi-coloured beads, gold jewellery, Ralph Lauren shades... the Williams sisters, variously dubbed the "Cinderellas of the Ghetto" or "Double Trouble" by their enigmatic father and coach Richard, have all the trappings of middle-American



Sister pact... Venus, left, holds court with Serena and her father Richard in 1990. PHOTOGRAPHS BY CLIVE BRUNSKILL AND KEN LEVINE

teenage swank — though they were brought up in Compton, the tough side of Los Angeles, before moving, inevitably to the tennis state of Florida.

The US tennis establishment has always been wary of father Richard and his girls, for he steadfastly refused to place them within the traditional junior circuit. Venus turned professional when she was 14 years old but only to bypass the WTA rules restricting senior competition for those under 18 — rules brought into place after the sorry demise of Jennifer Capriati and other prematurely burnt-out victims of the previous system.

Venus played in just nine tournaments between 1994 and 1996. Serena, currently restricted to 11 senior events, has been brought on rather more quickly, principally so she can travel with her sister. Their rapid initial success, with Serena becoming the fastest player in the history of women's professional tennis to defeat five top 10 players, has led to other pundits challenging the conventional orthodoxy of the junior tennis treadmill. Such a double success can quickly start a trend, although it is not clear

whether Richard Williams's offbeat approach has succeeded simply because his daughters are unique.

On her Wimbledon debut last year, Venus lost to the Polish teenager Magdalena Grzybowska. Serena makes her first appearance this week.

The draw has ensured that only one from the Williams sisters, Kournikova and the talented Croatian 16-year-old, Mirjana Lucic, can reach the quarter-finals, which is good news for Hingis. Kournikova, who lost to Hingis in the semi-finals last year, may be the Swiss champion's biggest threat again this time, having beaten Graf at Eastbourne on Thursday.

But although the rapid rise of the teenies has invigorated and uplifted the women's game, Graf, Seles, Sanchez Vicario and Jana Novotna are sure to claim the sentimental support. Prior to missing last year's championships, Graf had won seven times in the previous nine years, but the other three have never won a Wimbledon singles title.

Will they do it before the Williams dynasty rules supreme? As Venus keeps saying: "I'm coming. Don't rush me." We shall see.

Four old timers determined to resist Wimbledon's teenage invasion

Jana Novotna
Born Brno, Czech Republic
Age 29
Wimbledon runner-up 1991, 1992
Former top 10 1993 and 1997
Seeded 3

Classic serve and volley game, but blew her big chances against Graf in the quarter-finals. "I never win a Grand Slam," she says. "I just play for the love of the game."

Monica Seles
Born Novi Sad, Yugoslavia
Age 24
Wimbledon runner-up 1995
Former top 10 1996 and 1997
Seeded 4

A real beauty who has the experience and confidence to play a more attacking game.

Steffi Graf
Born Frankfurt, Germany
Age 26
Wimbledon champion 1996 and 1997
Former top 10 1993 and 1994
Seeded 2

This year's French Open champion has lost her touch in the last few months. "I'm not sure I can win a Grand Slam," she says. "I just play for the love of the game."

Arantxa Sanchez Vicario
Born Madrid, Spain
Age 23
Wimbledon runner-up 1996
Former top 10 1997
Seeded 5

A real beauty who has the experience and confidence to play a more attacking game.



Nottingham Open

Golmard races into last four

David Irvine at Nottingham

NO ONE has enjoyed better grass court match practice going into Wimbledon — where he could play the champion Pete Sampras in round three — than Scott Draper. But the Australian was totally outplayed by France's Jerome Golmard in the quarter-finals of the Nottingham Open yesterday.

Golmard, a 24-year-old left-hander like Draper, reached his first ATP semi-final with a splendid 6-4, 6-3 victory.

The world No. 93, from Dijon, was mustered hot in the second set but with eight singles wins in two weeks — many of Wimbledon's starters will not have had eight hours of practice — Draper was not too upset at losing.

"Now that I'm out it may be a blessing in disguise," he said. "I have not lost any confidence. Today was just one of those days when I wasn't quite making my shots. Now I can take a couple of days off and do something different."

One break in the ninth game, settled the first set. In the second Draper faltered in the fifth game, losing it on a double fault and raced through the last four games in less than 10 minutes.

Golmard plays Britain's Danny Sapsford in the first round at Wimbledon. Today's

semi-final will be against Jonas Bjorkman — the Swede's first since February, when he lost to Alex Corretja in Dubai. It will be played, as will the other, at 11am. The final will not be before 1.30pm.

Bjorkman is not a typical Swede. He is more Stefan Edberg than Bjorn Borg. "I never had the patience to stay back. I always wanted to get to the net and finish the point."

He loves grass, finds it "fun", bemoans the fact that the season lasts only four weeks, and regards Wimbledon as his main goal for 1998. He made the fourth round in 1994 but has won only one match there since.

"I feel I have a lot more to show at Wimbledon and hopefully I can do it this year. I'm getting back to where I was at the end of last year and if guys want to beat me now they have to be at the top of their game."

David Prinosil pushed the Swede but after Bjorkman won a close tie-break he hit with increasing confidence, broke for 5-3 when the German double faulted, and served out to love.

In the other quarter-finals seventh seed Byron Black defeated the Italian Gianluca Pozzi 7-5, 6-2 while Armenian world No. 79 Sargis Sargisian was victorious 7-6 (10-8), 6-2 over sixth seed Brett Steven of New Zealand.

Direct Line Championships

Time running out for Kournikova

Richard Jago in Eastbourne

ANNA KOURNIKOVA missed a chance of the first title of her career and will need at least two days' break if she is to avoid missing Wimbledon because of a sprained thumb in her playing hand, while beating Steffi Graf in Thursday's quarter-finals of the Direct Line Championships.

The 17-year-old's best win so far produced the most deflating injury of her career, while the tournament's best waitress led to its two biggest attractions being simultaneously removed.

Although the Russian insisted the sprain is "minor" it was difficult to have complete confidence in her when she declined to reveal the thumb during a press conference. Instead she mysteriously appeared and disappeared with a track-suit top draped continuously over her hand like a waitress with a napkin on an arm.

Two other evasions made one wonder whether Wimbledon might be at risk of losing its most marketable player: the statement that she had gone to hospital for an X-ray on the left (not the right) hand, and Kournikova's response on Thursday to the question "What about

the hand?" "What about the match?" she answered.

It was clear the swelling and bruising had diminished little in 24 hours, and hence Arantxa Sanchez Vicario was given the first walk-over of her career into a final.

Jana Novotna certainly played like a champion yesterday, beating Natalia Zvereva 6-2, 6-1, once covering the court so quickly that she made an improbable winning pass from near the hall-girl at the net, patting her on the head as she came back.

However, Sanchez Vicario is playing as if the transition from clay to grass is nothing.

Her 4-6, 6-4, 6-4 quarter-final victory over Serena Williams obliged her to complete the final set yesterday morning and to contain ground strokes which sometimes looked as if they were designed to puncture balls.

Sanchez Vicario rolled and controlled her replies with an enthusiastic mixture of courage and cunning, once luring the 16-year-old into mis-smashing a short lob spectacularly from the top of the racket frame straight to the backstop. But Williams's day looks as though it will come, while Sanchez's day may be today.

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McCarthy	26	M	Leinster	Prop	90
Conboy	27	M	Leinster	Prop	85
McCarthy	28	M	Leinster	Prop	80
Conboy	29	M	Leinster	Prop	75
McCarthy	30	M	Leinster	Prop	70
Conboy	31	M	Leinster	Prop	65
McCarthy	32	M	Leinster	Prop	60
Conboy	33	M	Leinster	Prop	55
McCarthy	34	M	Leinster	Prop	50
Conboy	35	M	Leinster	Prop	45
McCarthy	36	M	Leinster	Prop	40
Conboy	37	M	Leinster	Prop	35
McCarthy	38	M	Leinster	Prop	30
Conboy	39	M	Leinster	Prop	25
McCarthy	40	M	Leinster	Prop	20
Conboy	41	M	Leinster	Prop	15
McCarthy	42	M	Leinster	Prop	10
Conboy	43	M	Leinster	Prop	5

LONDON CLASS PERIN RATED HANDICAP

NAME	AGE	SEX	TEAM	POSITION	POINTS
McCarthy	24	M	Leinster	Prop	100
Conboy	25	M	Leinster	Prop	95
McCarthy	26	M	Leinster	Prop	90
Conboy	27	M	Leinster	Prop	85
McCarthy	28	M	Leinster	Prop	80
Conboy	29	M	Leinster	Prop	75
McCarthy	30	M	Leinster	Prop	70
Conboy	31	M	Leinster	Prop	65
McCarthy	32	M	Leinster	Prop	60
Conboy	33	M	Leinster	Prop	55
McCarthy	34	M	Leinster	Prop	50
Conboy	35	M	Leinster	Prop	45
McCarthy	36	M	Leinster	Prop	40
Conboy	37	M	Leinster	Prop	35
McCarthy	38	M	Leinster	Prop	30
Conboy	39	M	Leinster	Prop	25
McCarthy	40	M	Leinster	Prop	20
Conboy	41	M	Leinster	Prop	15
McCarthy	42	M	Leinster	Prop	10
Conboy	43	M	Leinster	Prop	5

WILKINS CONDITIONS STAKES 3YD

NAME	AGE	SEX	TEAM	POSITION	POINTS
McCarthy	24	M	Leinster	Prop	100
Conboy	25	M	Leinster	Prop	95
McCarthy	26	M	Leinster	Prop	90
Conboy	27	M	Leinster	Prop	85
McCarthy	28	M	Leinster	Prop	80
Conboy	29	M	Leinster	Prop	75
McCarthy	30	M	Leinster	Prop	70
Conboy	31	M	Leinster	Prop	65
McCarthy	32	M	Leinster	Prop	60
Conboy	33	M	Leinster	Prop	55
McCarthy	34	M	Leinster	Prop	50
Conboy	35	M	Leinster	Prop	45
McCarthy	36	M	Leinster	Prop	40
Conboy	37	M	Leinster	Prop	35
McCarthy	38	M	Leinster	Prop	30
Conboy	39	M	Leinster	Prop	25
McCarthy	40	M	Leinster	Prop	20
Conboy	41	M	Leinster	Prop	15
McCarthy	42	M	Leinster	Prop	10
Conboy	43	M	Leinster	Prop	5

LONDON CLASS PERIN RATED HANDICAP

NAME	AGE	SEX	TEAM	POSITION	POINTS
McCarthy	24	M	Leinster	Prop	100
Conboy	25	M	Leinster	Prop	95
McCarthy	26	M	Leinster	Prop	90
Conboy	27	M	Leinster	Prop	85
McCarthy	28	M	Leinster	Prop	80
Conboy	29	M	Leinster	Prop	75
McCarthy	30	M	Leinster	Prop	70
Conboy	31	M	Leinster	Prop	65
McCarthy	32	M	Leinster	Prop	60
Conboy	33	M	Leinster	Prop	55
McCarthy	34	M	Leinster	Prop	50
Conboy	35	M	Leinster	Prop	45
McCarthy	36	M	Leinster	Prop	40
Conboy	37	M	Leinster	Prop	35
McCarthy	38	M	Leinster	Prop	30
Conboy	39	M	Leinster	Prop	25
McCarthy	40	M	Leinster	Prop	20
Conboy	41	M	Leinster	Prop	15
McCarthy	42	M	Leinster	Prop	10
Conboy	43	M	Leinster	Prop	5

سكرا من الامل

Racing

Flyer sprints in for double strike

Chris Hawkins on a day to remember for trainer Berry and his young jockey

JACK BERRY and his jockey Carl Lowther, down-to-earth Lancastrians born with spurs rather than spoons in their mouths, pulled off a 105-1 double at Royal Ascot yesterday to prove that racing is not just the preserve of the well-connected and wealthy. Hard cash does help, of course, but hard graft more than makes up for a lack of privilege.

Lowther, son of a Black-burn car mechanic, and Berry, a two of a kind. After a long time getting nowhere they persevered and are now riding the crest of the wave.

Selhurstpark Flyer gave them a memorable win in the Wokingham Handicap — the gelding becoming the first to win the race in successive seasons for 65 years — and just over half an hour later Lowther brought Bolshoi with a late burst to capture the King's Stand Stakes.

Berry, 60, admits to having had a bit of an inferiority complex at one time. "I used to think it would be great just to have a runner at Ascot — now I can't stop having winners and I can't quite believe it's happening," he said.

But then equally frankly, he owned up to an administrative error that he thought might have cost Bolshoi his chance. "Inadvertently I left the blinkers off. We planned to do it one day but out in a Group Two at Ascot. This horse used to be a bit of a thief but now he's as honest as the day is long."

Lowther, 24, was pushed into racing by his grandmother May "because she used to love watching it on the telly." But he had a tailoring start to his career and went 16 months between riding his first and second winner.

"Then the day my grandmother died I broke the drought on Tropical Beach at Hamilton Park in August 1996," he said. "I'll never forget that and although it's been an uphill struggle I've got a lot to thank her for."

Lowther made virtually all the running on Selhurstpark Flyer, but totally opposite tactics worked the oracle on Bolshoi who was last after two furlongs.

"You just have to leave him alone to find his stride and he decides when it's time to go," said the jockey. "I was still 10 lengths behind with two to run but always thought we would get there."

Earlier in the day Godolphin's Swain, many people's idea of the afternoon's saviour, lost his supporters down with a bump in the Hardwicke Stakes.

It is beginning to look as if Swain's heroic, but unavailing effort against Silver Charm in Dubai may have bottomed him and he ran his second successive disappointing race when he fell into third behind Posidonia.

Many were prepared to forgive him after he was caught by a sensational burst from Silver Patriarch in the Coronation Cup at Epsom, but there appeared to be no valid excuse this time.

Having got first run and passed Posidonia and Germano two furlongs out, he then allowed his rivals to get back at him. In the end he was well beaten, looking desperately one-paced.

"Since Dubai he hasn't run up to his best and we're very disappointed, but it's too early to write him off," said Simon Crisford of Godolphin.



Highflyer... Carl Lowther sprints in Royal Ascot glory on Selhurstpark Flyer (left) in the Wokingham Handicap

PHOTOGRAPH: JULIAN HERBERT/ALLSPORT

Banned Kinane will miss Derby

MICK KINANE will miss the Irish Derby after being banned for four days, starting June 26, having been found guilty of careless riding on Kilmanalloe when finished second to Royal Anthem in the King Edward VII Stakes at Royal Ascot yesterday, writes Chris Hawkins.

Kinane cut across from the outside on the home turn and interfered with Pinks of Love but the stewards allowed the placings to stand.

The Irish jockey was seeking over his treatment and commented: "The stewards have had their eyes shut all week. Why suddenly pick on me?"

Royal Anthem was an impressive winner and Henry Cecil will now consider the King George VI Stakes for this huge colt who stands over 17 hands. He is unbeaten in three runs and the sky could be the limit.

"He's so big I couldn't train him a month," said Easterday, who has clearly benefited the canny nature of his father Peter.

be a very good horse one day."

Frankie Dettori easily emerged as leading rider at the four-day meeting with six of seven winners, although he had only a solitary success yesterday on Dovedown Star in the concluding Queen Alexandra Stakes.

Dettori seized the initiative two furlongs out on Anthony Kelleway's filly while Pot Baldery was still looking for a way out of a pocket on the favourite Yorkshire. He eventually got out but too late.

For young Newmarket trainer Kelleway, son of the now retired "Pattern-race" Paul, it was a first winner at the Royal meeting as it was his first Easterby who saddled Flanders to take the Windsor Castle Stakes.

"I ran her here rather than in a Group Three race because she would get a smaller penalty for the Super Saver Sprint at Newbury next month," said Easterday, who has clearly benefited the canny nature of his father Peter.

From pantomime to theatre

Laura Thompson takes in the delights of a relaxed finale to Royal Ascot week

FOUR days after entering the tunnel, it will be rather hard to leave this parallel universe, in which the English wave flags politely at the Royal Family, rather than sticking up the noses of post-drinking Romanians.

It will be especially hard to leave after Friday which was, undoubtedly, the best day of the meeting. Not just because of the benevolent sun that threw its veil of glamour over proceedings, helping to create something close to the sublime symphony of our Royal Ascot dreams.

It was, quite simply, because Friday was the most relaxed of the four days; in strange way, the only day that

doesn't feel like work. The pantomime aspect of Royal Ascot reaches its apogee on Ladies' Day, when women in their champagne frocks and their hair styled in the manner of the 1920s, with one hand stuck permanently to the explosion of straw on their heads, and men strut beside them wearing expressions that say: "I paid for that bloody nuffin."

But there is only so much of this purposeless theatrics that a race meeting can take. By Friday, there is a sense that enough is enough.

Of course, even on Friday, the stereotypes are still on parade. Almost everyone in the Royal Enclosure over the age of 15 still looks as though they have had a face-lift, so truthfully, it means, too, that the defeat of Swain in the Hard-

wicke Stakes hit me with all its unwanted force. We all have favourites in our chosen sport, and Swain is one of mine; his kindly, honest head always seems to tell you everything about the nature of his racing career, with its brave succession of seconds and thirds and then, last year, its supremely well-deserved victory in the King George.

Yesterday was supposed to be easy for him, though the winner, Posidonia, had beaten him before and nothing is ever, in fact, especially easy for Swain. He finished third — once again: Godolphin may have won almost everything worth winning at this Royal Ascot but they were denied what they would surely have treasured, a reward for their most faithful servant.

And last of all, of course, there was Further Flight in the Queen Alexandra Stakes. This is a little-known, race nowadays, but it has an interesting history in that it was won six times by the same horse, Brown Jack. It is said that, after his final victory, the horse waited at the entrance of the winners' enclosure, ears pricked, and refused to move until his adoring public had assembled to cheer him in.

Would this have happened for Further Flight? No, because the Royal Ascot crowd is insufficiently familiar with this 12-year-old grey, whose four Jockey Club victories have made him the nearest thing to Brown Jack that my generation has ever seen. But his victory in the Queen Alexandra Stakes would have been a fitting end to the Royal meeting — a dream end, in fact, to a place whose currency is dreams.

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5.10 CHURCHILL HANDICAP

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5.40 MILCARS CONDITIONS STAKES 3YO

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6.20 ROTMANS ROYALS NORTH SOUTH HANDICAP

12	Henry Bell (23)	(9)	N Tucker	8-12	K Dorley
211	Angie Baby (43)	(9)	J Berry	8-10	R Mahoney
5	Get Stuck In (22)	Mos	I Pickett	8-8	J Weaver
1222	Isaac's Treasure (24)	(9)	S Pothol	8-5	R Winston (9) *
4	College Days (22)	J J 174	8-5	J Carroll	
2221	Flexi-Musical (12)	(9)	Al Britton	5-4	O Hinningsh (7)

David Davies finds the big guns experiencing contrasting fortunes in the first round of the US Open

Putting trouble still haunting Faldo

NICK FALDO, he of the constant complaint "It's the putting, it's the putting" took 77 in the first round of the US Open at the Olympic club in San Francisco. His seven-over-par round not only left him 11 behind the overnight leader Payne Stewart, it locked him into a struggle to make the cut.

His score was the worst of any of the 12 European Ryder Cup players present and left him reflecting: "My putting is my only weakness. I'm happy with the rest of my game."

"I mean, for instance, take the 17th. I hit a drive and one-iron there to 15 feet — and three-putt. That hole is a total waste. It's ridiculous."

Faldo is at least right about that, the fairway being so sharply cambered Michael Schumacher, or any driver near him, might have problems with it. The six-times major winner continued: "The course is just too severe. When you miss a fairway, and I only missed two today, the best you can hope for is luck. I made six mistakes and they cost me seven shots."

Faldo began the second round brightly enough with a birdie at the long 1st, but then hit a terrible tee shot at the short 3rd which finished in the rough, right of the green. He chipped to 10 feet, left the first putt four feet short and then missed that for a do-or-better five. Successive bogies followed to take him to 10-over for the championship, before a birdie at the 7th allowed him to recover to 122nd place in a field of 155.

Jose Maria Olazabal, not quite as smooth as on Thursday, had scored one birdie and two bogies by the 6th, to be one-under and tied for fourth place at that stage. The Spaniard was understandably far more upbeat after his first round of 68. He said: "I drove the ball well again. It was a nice thing. A great feeling."

Jesper Parnevik was well in touch after a first round that consisted of 43 shots and only 26 putts. The Swede has developed his own speciality shot for this week, a shot designed to keep the ball out of the rough at all costs.

He calls it his Bullet Shot and he produces it with a driver, gripped almost on the metal. "The ball flies very low and very fast and usually very straight," he said, "just like a real bullet."

It let him down at the 10th, where he was trying to fade the ball round the dog-leg but hooked it viciously over the crowd and into the trees.

"I was 210 yards from the green," he said, "but I saw a gap between the trees of about five feet. I had to hit it low at first, and then get to rise quickly, and then carry to the green."

He accomplished these Bal-les-terian demands and topped it off by holing a 50-foot putt for a birdie.

Parnevik, who won the Phoenix Open earlier in the year and is 19th in the US Money List with nearly \$437,000, is going to try and qualify for the next Ryder Cup team — a welcome change of heart.

"Playing at Valderrama



Swinging the blues... Nick Faldo tees off on the 2nd hole in the second round of the US Open. PHOTOGRAPH BY ANDREW REDINGTON

was definitely one of the highlights of my career and I would like to do it again."

"The European tour have made it tougher for me in the past and I can see that they want to protect the tour by having the Ryder Cup players playing over there. But if I can get in next year's world tour events I should be able to meet the selection criteria

and I'm definitely going to try."

John Daly was two two over par after nine holes and was not a happy man. He had deliberately left his driver in the locker-room because, at 6,797 yards this course is not long enough to intimidate any of the professionals, let alone Long John. But he was still missing fairways and drop-

ping shots and his patience, or his notorious lack of it, was being tried.

Last year, for instance, in this championship at Congressional in Washington, he walked off the course after nine holes because he was playing badly.

"I had the shakes last year," said the recovering alcoholic. "This year I don't. I

am not craving alcohol badly as I was then."

"When you play a major the nerves are already there and then to top it off with the shakes... if you've never been there you wouldn't understand. It was a very difficult time."

Against that background Daly's 32 hole on Thursday was a triumph of the will.

Mr Angry no match for the stomp-master general

THIS SPORTING LIFE

Harry Pearson

HANGING from one of the stands in the Stade de la Mosson in Nantes when Brazil played Morocco on Tuesday was a hand-painted banner declaring: "France wants to see Edmundo." Ten minutes after the Brazilian forward had replaced Bebeto it became clear just why the French were so keen to watch the Florentine player in action. With a backheel that cannoned into touch off his own shin and an attempt to run past the defender using all the lightning acceleration of a nervous teenager taking a first driving lesson in his father's new Mercedes, Edmundo gave the world a welcome reminder that the Brazilians are human after all.

Edmundo came to France with a reputation for being so hot-headed that his fans have to be treated with flame retardant. There is nothing wrong with this of course. Indeed part of the job of the tournament is the opportunity it affords to see some of the globe's most ill-tempered players in action from a safe distance, a sort of safari park. We aficionados of on-pitch grumpiness are not interested in mere spite. Nor do we have time for those cry-babies who react to every foul on themselves or a team-mate by brandishing an imaginary card at the referee (in my view if Sepp Blatter is really serious about cleaning up the game he would make the card mime a mandatory sending-off offence along with shooting direct from a free-kick which is more than 30 yards from goal, wearing yellow boots and being called Andre's Mother).

Such displays of petty malice are of no interest to us seekers after the stomp. What we want to see is the practitioner of the glare, the scowl, the tantrum. Which is why I was in Montpellier 4 weeks yesterday to witness in the steamy flesh an intriguing encounter between the old stomp-master general himself Risto Stochkov and his latest challenger, Latin America's Mr Angry Jose Luis Chilavert of Paraguay.

On paper it appeared that Chilavert held a couple of clear advantages over the Bulgarian: he is a goalkeeper (even Manchester United's mild-mannered Alex Stepney reputedly once dislocated his

jaw bellowing at his colleagues) and he has an ability to stare without blinking so that even after studying him closely during a 10-minute post-match interview I am still not sure whether he has any eyelids.

At 32, meanwhile, Stochkov is not the force he once was. He no longer has the stamina for 90 minutes of full-blooded snarling. These days he can produce his worst only in sulphurous flashes. The rest of the time he just smolders like a tyre on a bonfire.

Once the game got underway in Montpellier, however, it quickly became clear that Stochkov simply knew too much for the inexperienced Paraguayan keeper. In the opening moments he displayed once again his unparalleled ability to knock opponents over with any available part of his body (Stochkov's chest-butting skills would earn him honks of admiration from bull sea elephants and ha made full use of the immense irritation of having to play up front with Lobosov Parneri. Parneri is an excellent side-de-rant. A tall man of indiscernible abilities (a phrase I want carved on the my gravestone, incidentally) Lobosov's playing style was perhaps best summed up by John Motson during Euro 96.

Against France at St. James' Park the Compostela forward made his only telling contribution of the tournament, heading into his own goal from the edge of the six-yard box. As the ball rebounded into the net Motzy squawked: "And it's gone in off the post." How right he was.

At the Stade de la Mosson Stochkov was rarely at his emphatic best. But he produced enough of his jaw-thrust-out, arms waving trades to suggest that he would have done a better job of imitating Benito Mussolini than George C Scott, and easily saw off the challenge of the all too calm Chilavert.

With Chilavert blasted away it seemed there would be no one to rival Stochkov when it came to going ballistic. However, there were signs in Nantes that Brazil's skipper Dunga may be building up to have a go. The crew-cut midfielder had to be restrained from assaulting the tiny budget-like Bebeto and then launched into a verbal assault on the defender Juninho Elias which culminated in him ordering the big No. 4 to stand on the right edge of his penalty area while a goalkick was taken. Clearly this is the Brazilian team's equivalent of the naughty corner. If the draw pans out Stochkov and Dunga could meet in the quarter-finals. Do not watch the game without protective goggles.

Rusedski "still hopeful" of making Wimbledon deadline

Stephen Brierley

GREG RUSEDSKI will leave it until the last possible moment before deciding whether he is fit enough to play his opening match at Wimbledon next week.

Rusedski, Britain's No. 1, damaged his left ankle ligaments when he slipped during the Stella Artois tournament at Queen's last week, and has

been receiving intensive treatment since last Friday. In a brief statement yesterday he said he was "still hopeful of playing."

However, Rusedski has only played one full match in almost four weeks.

"I am continuing with my physio sessions and also some light training," he said. "I will know more next Monday."

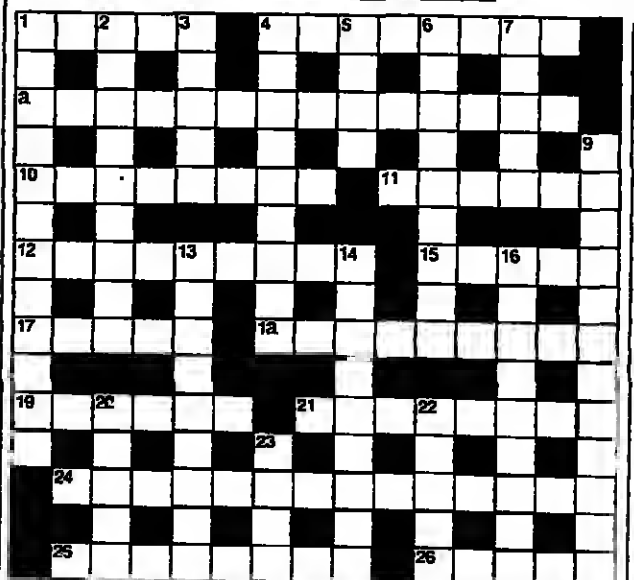
Tennis reports, page 24

TranSport by Nicky Clarke

1. Remove clothing. 2. Remove partner's clothing. 3. Grab a pack of Nicky Clarke Sport Protein Shampoo from the next Sport range. 4. Massage into wet hair the rich, nourishing combination of Vitamin E, Wheat protein and Pro Vitamin B5. 5. Rinse. 6. Enjoy. 7. Don't get carried away.



Guardian COLLINS Prize Crossword No 21,306



Set by Bunthorne

- Across**
- See 8 and 24
 - Using pulp on the Sabbath, a priest of the national park (8)
 - 1, see. Position bringing forth the use of E. Heath (8,2,2,3,5)
 - Superior ranker at Oxford? (5-2)
 - Old military chopper coming South for some bit of hovering (5)
 - Pachydermous prat (3)
 - The way back to a measure of conception (5)
 - Bearing in a layer of grey (5)
 - He forged the original Fallopian delivery? (5-4)
 - Island of eggheads? (5)
 - Found at last in eruption? We're sunk! (5)

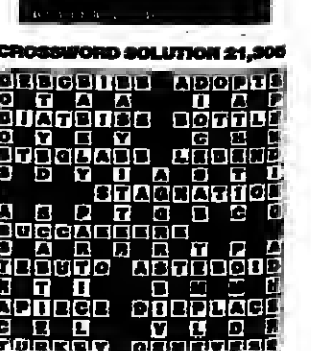
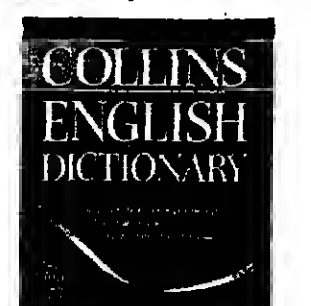
- Down**
- The fathead o-c-could be seen with a cutting expression (7-5)
 - Not in accord with shopkeepers nationally? (2-7)
 - The Spanish, consumed by fire (5)
 - Cigarette smokers dying to kick this? (3-6)
 - 5,23 Two prisons seen on a walk in London (8)
 - Very loud expert turned to pound "Una corda" (4,5)
 - Somewhat battle-hardened widow-maker (5)

A copy of the Collins English Dictionary will be sent to the first five correct entries drawn. Entries to The Guardian Crossword, P.O. Box 14641, London, EC1R 3JX, or Fax to 0171 713 4735 by first post on Friday. Solution and winners in the Guardian on Monday June 29.

Name _____
Address _____

Tick here if you do not wish to receive further information from the Guardian Media Group or other companies screened by us ☐

- Hot as Hell, sand-blasted the 6001 (4,3,5)
- Thus penned the knowledge Miss Trent brought to limited edition (9)
- Rose-red citizen serving tea with barons split (8)
- For this relief, thanks! (As poetic disposition accepts) (9)
- Replanting heals environmentally sensitive area (5)
- The way arterial blood-group is discerned in Miles Spentow's upbringing (1-4)
- See 5



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